# The Commonweal

## A Weekly Review of Literature, The Arts and Public Affairs



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# THE MAIN ISSUE

EVER since this paper was established twelve years ago, its editors, assisted by its editorial council, have sincerely striven to be non-partizan in politics. In every presidential campaign, as in the present one, its editors and editorial counselors, drawn from the membership of the Catholic Church, have been divided in their personal allegiance between the two main political parties, or have been "independents," neither Republican nor Democratic party members, but supporting or opposing partizan candidates and policies according to their own best judgment. Of course, being Catholics, the Socialist and Communist parties could not, and do not, enter the situation for them—save incidentally. Both Socialism and Communism are inadmissible for all Catholics who know and profess their religion. There is an absolute incompatibility between Catholicism and Communism. As for Socialism, items of its program are often only suggested social and economic reforms, which a Catholic might conscientiously support; but, so far as we know, Catholics do not join the Socialist party and still remain Catholics.

Hence, the editors of THE COMMONWEAL, in their treatment of political issues, as drawn between the two main parties, have consistently tried to judge such issues by the principles derived from their religious faith, and not from the point of view of partizan political platforms. This course, we know, proves often to be most unsatisfactory to those of our readers who desire to have their own political convictions (or, very often, their emotions or passions) upheld in our pages. But no other course is possible, and we can only hope that the majority of our readers share the belief of the present writer: that no political party possesses a monopoly of either virtue or wisdom, and that neither the victory or the defeat of either candidate will be utterly


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ruinous, or completely healthful, for the nation. This does not mean, however, that we are indifferent ourselves, or preach indifferentism to our readers, in the present campaign. On the contrary, although in all presidential campaigns there is a contagious tendency to magnify the importance of mere changes in political leadership, and political mechanisms, far beyond their real value, it seems safe to assert that the present campaign brings to all American citizens issues of far greater bearing upon their lives and fortunes than any presidential campaign of our history. How they vote upon these issues, therefore, is obviously of very great importance indeed. Yet we still think that neither the victory or the defeat of President Roosevelt or Governor Landon will decisively settle the great issues involved. But just as certainly, their just settlement will be aided or retarded by the result of the election.

Hence, it will be the many millions of average citizens who are not violently partizan, who are either independent of parties or who place their devotion to moral principles and American patriotism above their party affiliations, who will not only decide the result of the election, but whose influence and spirit will ultimately provide the ways and means, outside of politics, as well as in political action itself, to solve the issues which will face our people no matter which party controls the government after November.

For to expect any quick, still less sudden or uninterrupted, march of our nation forward and upward out of perplexity, and disorder, and danger, to clear vision, and peace, and a tranquil order of life, merely as the result of President Roosevelt's reelection or of the election of Governor Landon in his place, is shallow silliness at best. Yet great multitudes of Americans act as if they really believed that incredible folly. Fortunately for America, however, their behavior does not always correspond with their inner convictions; for we think that in their hearts most even of the more excited partizans realize that the crisis of our age is not so simple that it can be solved by partizan politics. Even so stanch an anti-New Deal propagandist as Mark Sullivan, for example, warns his readers that merely to overthrow President Roosevelt and substitute Governor Landon is not enough. He says in the most recent of his syndicated articles that "everybody agrees that the tide of social revolution is still rising. For America, the question is, can we ride through this storm without taking on some variation of either Communism or Fascism and without becoming a battleground on which the two contend? It is a living question and a growing one. . . . If anyone knows which outcome of this campaign is the best to avoid what has happened in Europe, that is the outcome America ought to seek." Mr. Sullivan, of course, thinks that President Roosevelt "is pointed in the direction which the country wants to avoid, and which he says he wants to avoid." Mr. Sullivan, therefore, considers the claim that "to avoid social upheaval the election of Governor Landon is the best outcome of the election." He goes on to says: "This may be true if stated with a necessary qualification. If Governor Landon should be elected, and if he should be a mere stand-pat conservative trying to take the country back to old conditions, he would not avoid social commotion, he would further it. The American system imperatively needs certain modifications."

Undoubtedly, this is true. And there are many supporters of President Roosevelt who are just as strongly convinced of the substantial Americanism of his New Deal as Mr. Sullivan and other opponents are of its substantial un-Americanism, who think that if Mr. Roosevelt is elected, social commotion, possibly revolutionary social changes, are bound to come if he should prove to be what his more violent critics proclaim him as being, namely, at heart a revolutionary, really aiming at fundamental social changes. And they are just as anxious to avoid such a change as Mr. Sullivan and those who think as he does.

Hence, we think that sensible Americans should turn a deaf ear to the clamor of the extremists. Some Americans know that political frenzies are not the determining factors of social reform. There will be long, long years of anxiety, and trouble, and danger to be faced after November 3. There is a crisis in the world of which our political struggle is only a minor part. A crisis of morality, a crisis of the very spirit of mankind. Let us all vote according to our honest convictions in November, but, whatever the outcome of our voting may be, let us remember that not votes but thoughts are the best tools of humanity, and that our thought depend, not upon the doctrines of political parties either of the Right or the Left, but rather upon the Christian doctrines which determine right and wrong.

# Week by Week

**The Trend of Events**

IT WILL not have escaped the reader's notice that so far the campaign has been a Republican walk-away. The signs indicate, for example, that while the Lemke ticket is running far behind initial predictions, G. O. P. men in key districts have manifested what on the whole is astonishing strength. No one will deny that these phenomena imply, besides a return to political normalcy interrupted by the "despair elections of 1932," very notable and widespread dissatisfaction with the "New Deal." We believe that the progress of the cam-

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paign to date has made manifest certain reasons for this opposition. It has now been proved, for instance, that Mr. Roosevelt must make his fight himself. The Democratic functionaries who thus far have carried on are hardly succeeding. In 1932, some of the best fighting was done by Mr. Smith and Senator Carter Glass. Today the first is hostile, while the second is silent. There are other examples. And taken together they prove that the President stamped the Democratic party with the impress of his personality. He turned down not merely the concept of national union, but also the traditional notion of partizan solidarity. Personality is therefore now of decisive importance. The people who could win for him refuse, and the willing are impotent. Mr. Roosevelt has not yet begun to fight. When he does, the outlook for November may be decidedly different. Meanwhile Governor Landon has met one of the most important challenges issued to him by the voters. Speaking at Des Moines, he attacked the baffling agricultural problem in a manner which indicates that he possesses a co-ordinated political philosophy. The American farmer, he said, is primarily a small industrialist the stability of whose income guarantees dynamic national purchasing power. Government assistance must, therefore, be directed toward preventing monopoly here also. In short, the family unit is here the goal, and to reach it the Governor advocated a plan which, he hoped, would assure security and independence. It will be of absorbing interest to see what the President offers by way of rebuttal. For the approaching election still seems a contest which the Middle West will decide.

**Mr. Hearst and Communism**

WE CANNOT feel that many will repudiate with less than contempt and indignation efforts by Mr. Hearst to forge a link between Communism and Mr. Roosevelt. An initial declaration that the Browder battalions had been ordered to vote Democratic was very easily exploded. Thereupon the publisher wrote from Amsterdam, Holland, to say that the "bulk" of the President's following consisted of "Karl Marx Socialists, Frankfurter radicals, Communists and Anarchists, Tugwell Bolsheviks and Richberg revolutionists." We suppose that the list could be expanded to include—were it good policy for Mr. Hearst to venture such addenda—Catholic exegetes of papal encyclicals, the supporters of various social pronouncements by Protestant groups, and the bulk of organized labor forces in the nation. Any intelligent critic of certain Roosevelt policies (and we have endeavored to take our stand beside him on occasion) will have little difficulty remembering that if a choice has to be made on the basis of the record between Mr. Roosevelt's interpretation of the "American system of government" and Mr. Hearst's, there will be no contest at all. It would, we may add, be difficult to find a more impressive bit of evidence for the wrongness of the "system" inveighed against in their erratic way by Communists than is the ideology of Mr. Hearst. For crass commercialism, debased standards, and irresponsible social conduct exemplified journalistically, one would turn not to the *Daily Worker* but to certain other journals too numerous to mention. They used to be called, in distant times when standards in reading were more important than they seem to be now, "yellow sheets." One may surmise that their owner wishes to immortalize that title by now defining all else "red."

**The Cause of Violence**

THE PARENT-TEACHER ASSOCIATIONS do an admirable work in many ways. However, we have recorded before this our doubt of the wisdom of their strongly held views as to the menace of play cannon and imitation guns. We note that Superior Judge Joseph B. Lindsley, of Spokane, voices our tentative dissent in much more positive terms, in commenting on the campaign to turn toy firearms into plowshares and airplanes, inaugurated by the country's Parent-Teacher Associations in congress assembled. Judge Lindsley asserts that "a boy needs a gun as much as he needs a dog," because "the spirit of adventure is born in boys," and for entertainment they choose by instinct the records of fighters of the type of Daniel Boone. In fact, the judge actually recommends not only toy guns, but real guns and training in their use as boys grow older. Without endorsing this step as a general policy, we take the occasion to agree with Judge Lindsley's findings in juvenile psychology. That some boys—perhaps a majority of all boys—are positively attracted to strife and adventure, and hence to their symbols, the gun and the sword, is so true that it cannot simply be passed over; and we, for one, are sceptical of this instinct's ever being transmuted into purely non-aggressive forms. There may be a certain anomaly in putting imitation weapons of destruction in the hands of innocence, nor do we make a special point of its being done, as we have said. But we do not believe that ordinarily there is any harm at all in its being done. It is important to remember that these things are also evocative of much of the human story that is noble and fine—however we may wish to deny it. And it is even more important to remember (because philosophies are so confused on the matter at present) that swords and guns are not the cause of violence. Violence will always be possible, and has always been possible, without them—a fact which Judge Lindsley

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further points out. The cause of violence lies in the human will, and the right training of the human will will not be furthered an inch by wiping out every toy weapon in existence.

The Alcazar

WORDS cannot describe the sensation that comes with reading the news about the Toledo Alcazar. This ancient monument to the building genius of the Moors, after the Alhambra the greatest architectural treasure of Spain, is now a heap of ruins! Dynamite has shattered the towers; bombs and shells have done their worst. When 1,700 insurgents had barricaded themselves inside (some taking their women and children along), few can have believed either that the war could last long or that the Alcazar could withstand such a siege. Now the old citadel has become a veritable symbol of the best and the worst in man. There have been many brave men, but there is nothing to surpass the desperate valor of these Rebel defenders. On the other hand, what an ironical tribute these ruins are to the endowment of man! No creature save he could, in rarely fortunate moments, conceive and execute a plan so remarkable. None but he could, as the result of a frenzied appeal to force, destroy with a light heart what his ancestors bequeathed. Thinking that the ruins of the Alcazar may conceivably be an indication of the future Europe, if the trend toward nationalist and social violence is not halted, the spectator can only hope that Christianity will be kept alive in millions of hearts to mitigate the destruction and to guarantee the strength of those who must some day build anew. For Taine is once again proved right. Wherever in Europe the power of the ancient Faith recedes, brutality and lawlessness and barbarism assume control. But we must remember: Christianity does not believe in destruction, but in each and every one of the beatitudes.

The March Resumed

WITH the opening of the school year, education again became the central topic in millions of American homes. Political news from the world's capitals may be the most sensational, but what little Johnny says about teacher is doubtless the greatest single human concern. Catholic parochial schools are an integral part of this great reality. From one end to the other, the educational system established by the Church appears to be growing. Students in larger numbers are reported by school and college statisticians. This means a still greater volume of sacrifices borne by parents, teachers and pupils. The ability to defray the costs is no more impressive than the prevailing willingness to do so. In some places where means were not sufficient, the community has saved the parochial school by reason of the fact that educational opportunities could not be afforded otherwise. Thus several towns in Michigan have been granted emergency aid by local school boards. Elsewhere truly heroic efforts have been made to safeguard the independence and the efficiency of Catholic teaching. But taken by and large, the parochial system is functioning normally. It is neither on the defensive nor out to conduct an offensive. With a tradition of service behind it, the Catholic school regards itself and is regarded increasingly by others as a commonplace of American life.

Rivera's Latest

AS THE extreme revolutionary doctrine makes converts on one side, it is very interesting to note the subtle modifications in its practise and even its theory, on the other. Soviet Russia affords most instances, but there are constant individual examples in other parts of the globe. The latest is Diego Rivera, the Mexican Painter of the Revolution, who has recorded in murals of unquestioned technical power and high artistic splendor the events in the rise of the Mexican proletariat, as seen through Communist eyes. It is true that Rivera has twice been expelled from the Communist party for various breaches of discipline; but his name would nevertheless lead any list of revolutionary artists throughout the world. According to a news story published in the New York *Herald Tribune,* the unveiling of Rivera's latest work at the Reforma Hotel in Mexico City reveals a diminution of revolutionary zeal which is as striking as it is unmistakable. It would of course be an error to read into this subsidence any positive growth of middle-of-the-road sympathy, as the *Tribune's* correspondent makes clear when he asserts that the radical artist has "abandoned social propaganda and painted a purely personal document" embodying simply his own detestations. The panel entitled "Dictators" is dominated by a composite whip-cracking figure which combines (with amusing clearness) the features of Mussolini, Hitler and the President of our own fair country. Two other panels are apparently largely pictorial in their intent, exhibiting legendary figures from Mexico's distant past. The fourth and last is grouped about a blonde young woman said to be an "American school teacher," in company with two donkeys (identified by outraged Mexican radical opinion as Left-wing intellectuals) and Calles, formerly a Rivera hero, here depicted as "exploiter and playboy": a group in which it would be hard indeed to find revolution. Whither Rivera may be moving is an interesting speculation; it seems evident that he has shot his bolt as a simon-pure apostle of violence.

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# PASSING THE BUCK

By DONALD ATTWATER

*It cannot be repeated too often that the situation abroad is exceedingly complex, and that even the news from Spain cannot be divided automatically into two parts. Under the circumstances no one view is likely to be sufficiently impartial and comprehensive. The following paper by an English Catholic journalist emphasises some matters of importance. He suggests a revision of some current social assumptions. A different version of the situation will appear in next week's issue.—The Editors.*

THERE are principles in Communism, especially in its Marxian interpretation, which make it necessary that Christianity should uncompromisingly oppose it. And the opposition is not an abstract one. It appears even to the ordinary observer, who has to depend for most of his information on "doctored" newspapers, that Communism is threatening the whole of what was once Christendom. And the Holy See from its supreme vantage point has openly and plainly confirmed our fears and called on Catholics to exert themselves to the utmost to beat off this danger—not, be it noted, simply because it threatens the organized and visible Church, but because it threatens mankind. (Too often the Pope's utterances are reported as if he were concerned for the Roman Catholic Church but not at all for anything or anybody else.)

For very many Catholics and other consciously religious people Communism is almost primarily associated with persecution of religion in general and of Christianity in particular, with the murder of clergy and religious, the burning of churches, and other sacrileges and blasphemies. This is understandable enough, and words can hardly express the horror which such iniquities call forth. But we must not stop there. We must look further and inquire why Communists do these things. Why do they? Because, we are told, it is part of the Communist faith that all religion is false and must be uprooted from the earth. But what does the ordinary rank-and-file Communist know about such an abstract notion? How has it taken the place of that religious "instinct," the thirst for God, which is part of the make-up of human kind? How is it that such ghastly religious outrages can take place and be tolerated by the people, for example, in Spain, a "Catholic country"? The explanation that their perpetrators are actuated solely, or even primarily, by anti-religious malice, which in its turn is a direct prompting from the devil, is altogether too much of a simplification.

No; the ordinary men and women who make up Communist mobs have no fundamental hatred and contempt for religion as such; but they have a burning hatred and resentment against oppression and injustice; and they have been persuaded that Christianity is not merely indifferent to the avoidable sufferings of the greater part of the human race but also that, on the one hand, its ministers and other professors are upholders of the systems and vested interests under which injustice and oppression flourish and, on the other, that "religion is dope for the people." Fantastical notions. Yes. But . . .

Communism can be successfully fought only by removing the causes of Communism. These causes are, for the people at large, economic and social. Economics as such is no concern of Christianity; but if economic and social conditions are fraught with injustice and oppression, then it is the business of Christianity to refuse avoidable cooperation with them and to protest loudly and unceasingly at their continuance; and it is the duty of individual Christians to make those protests effective by the appropriate means, whatever they may be found to be. Until serious Catholics, rank and file as well as leaders, realize that economic and social injustices have a greater claim on their attention than sectarian interests and girls playing tennis in shorts, Communism will increase, priests will be burned alive, nuns ravished. A Catholic workman writing recently against the "means-test" ended his article with the words, "Our Catholic leaders are not very active in this matter. Small wonder the Catholic workers follow the Communists' lead." Plain truth.

In other words, Communism must be fought, not with hot air, not with politics of the Right, but with true religion, with faith, hope, charity and justice. One of the gravest dangers is that religious people allow themselves to be thrown by Communist violence and success into the arms of opposite parties in which Christians should not be found (just as the converse happens). Processions of our Lady accompanied by men triumphantly waving rifles, and "anti-Red" militia whose uniform includes a badge of the Sacred Heart, churches used as arsenals by anti-Communist troops (all reported recently from Spain, the last by a well-known Italian Catholic)—these are the sort of thing that give color to Communist charges against Christianity, that confirm the belief that Catholics will stick at nothing to "down" Communism and uphold flagrantly unjust social and economic systems and the material possessions of

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the Church. The fact that Communism would establish a system fundamentally in opposition to the divinely created nature of man must not blind us to the fact that in so far as they testify against oppression and wickedness Communists are right. When we protest as loudly and more effectively, then they will be forced again to say (as Peter Maurin excellently puts it), "See how these Christians love one another," instead of, as at present, "See how these Christians pass the buck."

But we as individuals must say, "Non tali auxilio," to those of the Right who have false principles and use sinful methods, as much as to Communism itself; it is not a question of choosing a lesser evil: in an ultimate analysis the triumph of the Right will be as destructive of Christian values and human living as the triumph of the Left: capitalism and Socialism meet underground in a common industrial mechanization of society; Communism and Fascism meet underground in a common omnipotent and omni-competent state. Indeed, in Great Britain, with its huge and powerful comfortable middle class and "upper working" class, Fascism is probably a greater potential danger than Communism.

I do not for a moment deny the right in the abstract of every Catholic to belong (other things being equal) to whatever political party, whether Left, Right or Center, that pleases him. But he also has the right to refuse to associate himself with any political party. (The alleged "duty of voting" is obviously meaningless to the man who sees only a choice between tweedledum and tweedledee.) That right may become a duty for individuals. When I look at the parties at home or abroad that are most violent in their denunciations of Communism it seems to me that that is the case already. In unscrupulosity Left and Right are one: in England, for example, Right newspapers identify pacifism with Communism in the foulest and most dishonest fashion; in Spain the Right seeks to save "our unhappy country" by means of machine-guns, bombs and terrorism. No country, nothing, can be "saved" in that way; Christianity converted the Roman Empire by martyrdom, not by murder.

One of the chief tasks of Catholics in the face of Communism is to get rid of the notion (both in themselves and others) that Christianity is not concerned about material and temporal well-being, that the Kingdom of Christ for which we are concerned is solely a matter of the future life. (Please don't fling John xviii, 36, at me or you will have to argue with the Pope, not with me). The dichotomy of this world and the next, like the associated dichotomy of matter and spirit, is appallingly michievous and much of the success of Communist anti-religious propaganda can be traced directly to it. This world is not the same as the next world, matter is not the same as spirit: they are different, and heaven and spirit have the primacy—but they must not be separated. Indeed, they can only be separated at the expense of the most fantastic contortions of mind and distortions of life—deformations with which we are unhappily too familiar. Christian asceticism is one thing; legalistic and misleading distinctions between what is "worldly" and what is "spiritual" are quite another; and if in the name of Christian other-worldliness we underrate the importance, the necessity for the overwhelming majority of mankind, of a sufficiency of material things (which is what the Communist so-called heaven on earth is concerned with) we are making nonsense of the Gospel and of our vaunted Catholic complete doctrine of man: we are making a present of Christianity to Communism to mock at.

God forbid that I should seem to ask for a minimizing of what is indubitably true regarding the relations of body and soul, this world and the next. On the contrary, I plead that the Christian doctrine of these things shall be taught and held in greater fulness. Man lives in this world, body and spirit, both real and both good, inseparable; in the next world the same body and spirit will be enjoyed (or hated), but in another mode. That future life we are already living here on earth, at any given moment we are already in heaven or hell: at death there is no break, only a change—into another mode. And this life, so far as is possible for fallible and peccant mankind, should be lived and made livable as near as may be (which, of course, is not "near" at all) to the perfection of the next life—which perfection is bodily as well as spiritual. To deny or neglect the importance, the religious importance, of food and clothing and shelter and love-making and recreation is to cast creation back into the face of the Creator, it is to deny the resurrection of Christ's body and ours.

It is useless—as well as wrong—to sneer at or abuse Communists. We have to show them better.

## *The Death of Saint Thérèse of Lisieux*

Winter, her life, was past. To her charmed sill
The turtle-dove, prophetic, came to coo,
And through the odorous garden of Lisieux
Close on the syllables of death's "Be still"
There came the love-song of the Canticles:
"Arise, make haste, my love, my beautiful one
And come." In meadows amorous with the sun
Love met her to the welcome of the bells.

Thérèse, how true it is past all forgetting
That nothing matters save a precious death.
It is the jewel of which life is the setting,
Life is the clay and it the shining breath.
And he like thee who makes his life its slave
Finds roses for all mankind in his grave.

JESSICA POWERS.

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# EUROPEAN QUANDARIES

By GEORGE N. SHUSTER

NEVER since the war have news dispatches from Europe been so difficult to understand or so tinged with propaganda. Relatively few in any country know what is going on, and our reporters abroad are especially handicapped. Only rarely can they venture an interpretation of the news; and when they do so they suffer from being too close to events in some one place. It is, as a consequence, inevitable that views entertained by numerous, even influential, citizens in this country should be quite erroneous. This would not do much harm if we could watch what is going on over there objectively and dispassionately. But we can't. Our sympathies and our interests are so deeply involved that partizanship is manifesting itself in a really alarming way.

The following comments are intended to help give a clearer impression. I believe they are substantially correct. At any rate they are based upon a continuous effort not merely to follow the situation in the press of the countries affected, but also to take advantage of personal contacts with more than ordinarily trustworthy Europeans.

Suppose we begin by asking ourselves what are the most important things that have occurred. The answer would be (in the order of importance): the signing of the Franco-Russian pact; the occupation of the Rhineland by German troops, which action abrogated the Locarno Treaties; the victory of Italy in diplomatic strife with Great Britain concerning Ethiopia; and the outbreak of civil war in Spain. These developments are not unrelated, and furthermore nearly everything else that has happened is explained in whole or in part by them.

The Franco-Russian pact was signed because England would not agree to underwrite the French position on the Continent. This refusal was based first upon the feeling that Paris could not be trusted to act judiciously, and second upon strong conservative sympathies in London for the Hitler government. Labor groups had been loud in their denunciation of Versailles, the effect of which was held to be the impoverishment and radicalization of German labor; and now the ultra-conservatives took up the cry because Hitler—the opponent of Versailles—had crushed not Radicalism merely but the whole German labor movement as well.

Then Italy marched into Ethiopia. Now the British needed France, but they had also to be careful lest the Germany they had helped to make strong joined forces with Mussolini. Accordingly the Laval government tried hard to bring about a compromise with Italy, and this move seemed to Sir Samuel Hoare the best way out of the situation. But the British government, erroneously thinking that the Ethiopians could fight a long war, sparred for time and lost the engagement.

Meanwhile Hitler had been nursing his wounds. The effort to gobble up Austria outright had failed; and the chance to secure it free from Mussolini by giving aid in the Ethiopian conflict did not present itself. That was wound number one, but it remained a minor injury. The big sore was the Franco-Russian pact—the one important blow struck at the Hitler government since its foundation. This pact is of sovereign importance because it bars the way to any fulfilment of Pan-German aspirations in north central Europe. No Nazi armies can march into Czechoslovakia, for example, while Russia considers such an act an incentive to war.

Accordingly he—probably against the wishes of the Reichswehr—dove headlong into the mêlée by ordering reoccupation of the Rhineland by German troops. Once more the French appealed to Great Britain and got no support beyond a visit (and an oration) from young Mr. Duff-Cooper. Had there then been a Leftist government in Paris, the chances are that the German challenge would have been met by France unaided. But things being what they were, the Hitlerites probably hoped they would frighten the "western democracies" into accepting some such offer as that outlined by Der Fuehrer in his famous subsequent olive branch speech. Instead the French people turned Left; and the widespread willingness of industry to accept the Blum social demands was based to a very large extent upon the realization that a new "national union" in the face of danger could not be effected under Rightist leadership.

Communism manifested such strength in France, however, that Blum could not take genuine advantage of his opportunity. A veritable strike fever broke out, attended by phenomena that looked like efforts to bring about worker occupation of factories. The Right was embittered; and when the government refused to come out for devaluation, owing it was said to Communist repudiation of such a policy, moderate business interests likewise grew resentful. A campaign of propaganda against the pact with Russia grew more and more effective. One strong argument was the manifest advocacy of revolution by Trotzkyites. Eager to counteract this danger,

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Stalin inaugurated the fight against Trotzky, first launching Russia's new "democratic" Constitution, and then bringing to trial the ringleaders of the Trotzkyite faction in the Soviet Union. Amelioration of the anti-religious laws was promised, and was at least taken so seriously that protests against this new "laxity" were actually printed as correspondence in Moscow newspapers. All this does not mean, of course, that any real change was taking place. The bottomless cruelty of Moscow remains—excepting that what the dead Maxim Gorky once had to praise the living Max Eastman is now free to denounce!

At this point the Spanish civil war broke out. In all human probability the foreign political situation had played a part. While a Leftist government was in power in France, the position of the Popular Front in Spain was manifestly more secure. The army therefore, having previously talked things over with Italy, decided to stage a coup, imagining beyond any doubt that resistance would be relatively perfunctory. But the masses were unprepared and hostile. Not able to rely upon the militia, the government armed the citizenry; and so what started out to be a nice tussle for military control ended up, largely by reason of Communist-Anarchist excesses, as a bloody massacre on a dozen fronts. Religion, social revolution, Fascism, Basque and Catalonian nationalism—these were some of the forces involved.

On France the Spanish conflict made a deep impression. The Premier, bound above all to keep intact the forces of national unity in the face of danger, very wisely sponsored a policy of neutrality. Nor did he hesitate to resist with determination Communist efforts to force his hand. To Germany the horrors reported from Spain were a gift on a golden platter. The Spanish radicals had perpetrated deeds of horror by comparison with which—but only by comparison with which!—Nazi brutality seemed insignificant. Hitler's ancient rôle of anti-Bolshevik was now a big part in the world drama. He organized an anti-Soviet "front," at least in name, with the aid of Austrian and Hungarian statesmen. Then came Nuremberg. The vehement attack on Russia was, of course, not directed against Stalin in the first instance. Stalin is no Jew. Indeed, this canny one-time traveling companion of Marshal Pilsudski remains the man from whom the Nazis have learned more than they have from any other soul. But Léon Blum is a Jew, and Léon Blum is the protector of the Franco-Russian pact.

It is this pact which Hitler is still trying to annul. He has convinced many French Rightists that he has no quarrel with France—that his ambitions are to seize for Germany "spheres of influence" in the East. The Baltic states, from Finland on down, either have powerful German minorities or are bound to Germany by mutual interests. Here, says the dictator (speaking in this instance for all Pan-Germans), is the terrain which Germany can profitably exploit and which she alone can effectively develop. Look at the history of ancient German colonization! Of course, when the French Rightists stop to think, they are mightily afraid of the spectacle of a Pan-Germany growing by leaps and by bounds. But meanwhile they have Communism in their own country, and the specter of a possible civil war—which last is, they are convinced, secretly abetted by Russia. Will the bait held out to the French prove tempting enough to accept? Will the desire to crush the Front Populaire abrogate the pact with Russia? For a direct invasion of Russia is neither practicable nor based on a reasonable expectation of rewards.

These are the real questions before the house. The immediate practical stakes are Czechoslovakia and possibly Poland. But the long-range query is whether the Germans are to build Central Europe into one state. So far the Nazis have lost ground—in Prague, Warsaw and Danzig. What if they can gain it all back again in Paris, of all places? The answer depends to a very considerable extent upon that exceedingly enigmatic thing: British foreign policy. If and when the British finally make up their minds what to do on the Continent, the issue will be decided. No one can blame them for hesitating. Every British statesman's secret desire is to be like unto the President of the United States, aloof from the boiling cauldron Europe has become.

In the midst of all this, the religious outlook is dark—darker, indeed, than is generally realized in this optimistic and slogan-infested country. If the present diplomatic alignment remains intact, we may expect some general superficial amelioration of the ecclesiastical outlook in various countries. I should not be surprised if Stalin made a desperate effort to restore some measure of religious liberty, or at least to dampen the ardor of the "godless revolution." He must somehow give Europe reasons for believing that he is a possible partner, not a fomentor of massacres. Elsewhere there may also be less ardor about religious persecution. But let no one be deceived. The masterly address by our feeble but splendid Holy Father contains the truth all Catholics ought to consider. Danger comes not merely from proletarian masses alienated from the Church and ready to slaughter its ministers. It comes from a principle in the acceptance of which all these dictatorships are alike: the principle that authority knows no law but only ambition and opportunism. That is the heresy, and there has been none more threatening in the stormy history of man.

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# SENTIMENTAL ATHEISTS

By PETER WHIFFIN

I AM SICK and tired of having people impugn my sanity just because I happen to believe in the existence of a Being commonly known as God. I'm fed up also with being patronized as old-fashioned and naive. But most of all I am irritated at glorified news reporters like Walter Duranty and Vincent Sheean who imply in their recent best-sellers that religious people are mere sentimentalists who believe in a God and a hereafter only because they wish to do so. Since when have news reporters qualified as philosophers and theologians?

Now, if there is one thing in my life that has nothing whatever to do with sentiment, it is my belief in the existence of an Intelligent Being back of the universe. People may be sentimental about some of the ways in which they worship this Being, but the mere fact of believing in His existence, it seems to me, is as simple and stark an act of reasoning as can well be made.

It is just as simple as Robinson Crusoe's belief that because he saw a human footprint in the sand, a human foot must have made it. It is as simple as believing that because a radio shows evident proof of intelligent design and purpose, an intelligent being must have produced it. In other words, it is merely an example of fundamental reasoning according to the axiom which tells us that every effect must have a proportionate cause, and that therefore a world which shows overwhelming evidence of intelligent purpose in every part of its makeup and behavior must have an intelligent cause back of it all. As the old sailor summed it up, "I don't know Who's behind all this, but Whoever He is, He knows His business."

And from this simple act of reasoning, which tells me that there must be an Intelligent Being back of the universe, flows the corollary that this Being could not reasonably have intended this world as the final destiny of man. Only a hereafter could possibly make man's existence reasonable. Without it he would be the supreme contradiction of the universe. Without it there would be no reason at all for the better part of him which makes him distinct from the brute. Indeed, without a hereafter, this better part of him would be but a mockery and a torment. The world would be a madhouse.

I believe in God and a hereafter, then, not because I am a sentimentalist, but because I am a rationalist in the proper meaning of that term. My reason forces me to acknowledge an Intelligent Being back of the universe or commit intellectual suicide. My reason forces me to admit that such an Intelligent Being could not have made man for the sorry anti-climax of this world.

It is the atheist, indeed, who is the sentimentalist. It is the atheist who chooses to ignore the fundamental axiom which says that every effect must have a proportionate cause, and who allows his wishes or sentiments to dictate his asserted belief that there is no God and no hereafter. Look at some of the reasons given for atheism and see how sentimental they are.

One of the stock reasons given for not believing in the existence of God is that we cannot see Him or touch Him. Obviously the crassest sort of sentimentality! That argument might suit a child, but any scientific man knows that the most important things are those we cannot see or touch. We see effects, but their causes are often invisible and intangible. We observe the effect of life, for example, in a living thing, but the cause of life is beyond the ken of any microscope or the measure of any micrometer.

"All my life," sneered a famous doctor to a friend, "I have been looking for a soul, but I have never been able to find one."

"You are a man of intelligence?" said the friend.

"I think so," said the doctor.

"Have you ever been able to see your intelligence?"

Thus Mr. Darrow, the sentimental lawyer, tells us that "all my life I have been looking for some evidence of God in the universe, and I have never been able to find it." Yet the overwhelming evidence of intelligent plan and harmony and design fairly leaps at us from everything about us. A Mr. Darrow cannot see any evidence of God in the entire universe, while Saint Paul of the Cross could tap a daisy gently with his cane and say, "Stop speaking so loudly to me about God." No, we cannot see with our bodily eyes the Supreme Intelligence behind the universe, but the effects of that Intelligence are so overwhelmingly presented to our minds that only a sentimentalist could try to deny them or their necessary Cause.

Another objection to belief in God is found in the sufferings of human life. "How could God permit such things?" says the atheist.

Yet this argument also arises from mere sentiment. Why should we expect to understand the eternal designs of God? How can we presume to see eye to eye with Him? Do we understand the simplest things about us? Can we comprehend the tiniest living cell? Do we know how the lily grows from the swamp? Do we realize that

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each of us has developed from a tiny pin-point of slimy fetus?

In this connection I am reminded of another story about a priest who was criticizing a certain Pope for his pontifical acts. After a while the Pope died and the critical priest succeeded to the Papacy. Then it was seen that he was following the very same course of action that he had criticized so bitterly in his predecessor. A friend brought the matter to his attention. For answer the new Pope took his friend to the basement of the Vatican, and asked him to look out the window. This was repeated on each successive floor of the Vatican. When they had reached the topmost story, the Pope said, "Is the view here the same as the view from the basement?"

"Certainly not," said his friend.

"Well," said the Pope, "when I was a humble priest, my outlook on affairs was like that of the man in the basement. Now that I have been elevated to the heights of the Papacy, I see things quite differently. And now I understand that the course of action I criticized so bitterly was really the only sensible method of procedure."

Compared with God's view of things, our outlook certainly must be like that of the "man in the basement." We look at things from the standpoint of time. God looks at them from the viewpoint of eternity. Even twenty years makes quite a difference in how we consider things. Twenty years ago a severe illness of mine seemed far worse than it appears now. How will it seem a thousand years from now?

In line with this thought, it is amusing to note that Mr. Vincent Sheean, in his best-seller, despairs of obtaining what he terms the "long view" of things and events, as a reporter of the daily hurly-burly, and gives up his newspaper work in order to strive after that new perspective. When Mr. Sheean gets the eternal view of things, he will have the best "long view" of all. In short, he will be a philosopher—and a theologian.

A third objection to belief in God is based on the complaint that in the practise of religion there is much of superstition and fraud and hypocrisy, and that organized religion has lent itself to all sorts of abuses. I submit that even if all these charges are true, they have nothing to do with the question. The most religious men have had much to say about human abuses of religion, but no matter how great they may be, they are still abuses. And they have nothing to do with our own personal recognition of the existence of a Supreme Being and of His rights over us. The Rasputin of Mr. Duranty's book gives us no right to forget a Christ, a Francis of Assisi, a Vincent de Paul. Least of all does any clerical faker or any religious abuse give us reason to deny God.

Now I think you will find that the three sentimental arguments which we have just touched upon—that men demand a God Whom they can see and touch, that they want to know why He permits so much suffering, that they are revolted by the abuses of organized religion—are put forward as the reasons on which men base their denial of the existence of God. The real reason, however, for an avowal of atheism, the one which underlies all the others, and which is sentimentality itself, is simply that men do not wish to believe in a God or a hereafter.

They do not wish to believe in God because believing in Him makes them realize also that they have very grave responsibilities to Him. They do not wish to believe in a hereafter because in that "undiscovered country" there may be "ills we know not of."

Yet, try as they might, the atheists cannot altogether escape the realization of God or a hereafter. Mr. Clarence Darrow, for example, who says that he believes neither in a God nor a hereafter, also tells us that he wishes he had jumped off some high roof as a boy. And, after all, the logical conclusion of atheism is suicide or despair or insanity. But why doesn't Mr. Darrow jump from some high roof now? Is anybody holding him back? No. But within himself is the reason and conscience which whispers to him that there might be a God and a hereafter, after all.

Mr. Vincent Sheean gives us even a more striking picture of the sentimental contradictions of thought and action into which atheists are inevitably led. He begins his book by calmly confessing that he knows nothing whatever of Christianity and cares less. He talks glibly about the easy promises made by religion of a hereafter. And before he ends his story, he is almost worshiping at the shrine of a woman whose ideals, as he pictures them, have been carried out perfectly by Christian saints for centuries. And when she dies, he grows almost mystical in telling us how he feels that he is communing somehow with her spirit. I have hopes that Mr. Sheean will yet be a philosopher—and a Christian.

But what seems to me the most startling illustration of the sentimentality of atheists is pictured in Walter Duranty's book when he describes a scene in that country where atheism today is being carried out on a national scale—in Russia. Russians today say it is foolish to believe in a living God. Yet, as Duranty points out, the mummified body of the dead Lenin has been set up as a sort of deity in a mausoleum in Moscow. Here it reposes in state while long lines of worshipers pass before it daily. In other words, the Russian atheist denies a living God. Yet he deifies a dead man. He scoffs at the idea of the immortality of the soul. But he utilizes all the skill of science to immortalize the mortal clay of Lenin.

The answer is: "Scratch an atheist, and you'll find a sentimentalist."

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# A CLEAVAGE OF MINDS

By KURT F. REINHARDT

TO UNDERSTAND some of the most significant intellectual trends and conflicts in present-day Europe, it is helpful and even necessary to visualize the unbridged antagonism that separates two of the greatest minds of the nineteenth century, Kierkegaard and Hegel. The second is well known in England as well as in this country although his influence upon the philosophical panaceas of Communism and Fascism is not sufficiently appreciated. Soeren Kierkegaard is hardly ever mentioned in philosophical and theological discussions in the English-speaking world although repercussions of his "existential philosphy" are quite evident. Selections of his writings in translation are available only in an unassuming pamphlet published several years ago by the University of Texas, and these selected fragments can hardly be called representative. And yet it is Kierkegaard, the great Danish-Lutheran theologian and religious philosopher (1813-1855), who occupies a central position in the philosophical and theological controversies of continental Europe, particularly in Germany and Switzerland. He is the power behind the throne in the pretentious "dialectical theology" of Karl Barth and his followers, but he is also a vital force and a favorite topic with such Catholic authors as Theodor Haecker, Alois Dampf and Erich Przywara, S.J., and is frequently quoted in connection with attempts at a mutual rapprochement of the separated Christian denominations. These discussions have prompted and inspired a number of subsequent publications dealing with Kierkegaard's personality and influence, among which A. Dempf's volume on "Kierkegaard's Folgen" (J. Hegner, Hellerau) is very timely.

To recognize Kierkegaard's true significance he must be seen within the framework of his time and age, involved, as it were, in what he himself recognized as the major struggle of his life, his good fight against his adversary Hegel and this thinker's "philosophy of identity." The fight against his second major opponent, the secularized and liberalized Danish-Lutheran State Church may then almost appear as part of the major problem that confronted him in the well-nigh undisputed reign and power of Hegelianism. This problem concerned the very essence and existence of Christianity and Christian revelation as against Hegel's final denunciation of theology in general and Christian theology in particular. If we want to make use of theological terminoloy we might say that Kierkegaard advanced and defended Fideism against Gnosticism. In other words, his fear of Hegel's extreme rationalism made Kierkegaard recede further and further until he reached the untenable position of an integral supranaturalism, approaching and following Luther in his contempt of reason and his denunciation of philosophy.

This was, of course, not the first time that such antithetical positions had followed each other and challenged each other in the history of theology and philosophy. In Christian antiquity the School of Antioch with its theological positivism opposed the Gnosticism of the School of Alexandria; the anti-dialectical theologians of the Middle Ages took their stand against that dialectical movement that issued in the rationalism of Abelard. Luther turned against Aristotle and the Scholastics, and Kierkegaard turned against Hegel and Schleiermacher. It is only in scholastic philosophy that the organic and true relationship between reason and faith, nature and supernature, philosophy and theology is realized and firmly established, attributing its due autonomy to reason and true transcendence to faith. And even here an all too marked emphasis on one of the two elements has caused the recent controversy between Jacques Maritain and Etienne Gilson which bore fruit in Gilson's "Gifford Lectures" of 1931 (Sheed and Ward, London, 1936). Scholastic philosophy, then, strikes a middle path between the extremes of an integral rationalism (Gnosticism) and an integral supranaturalism (fideism). At the root of both errors, however, lies a deistic conception of the Deity, the gloomy idea of a fatherless, orphaned universe, of a God Who created the world and then went away (*creavit et abiit*), leaving it to its own evolutions and proliferations; whereas it is the teaching of Christianity that God not only creates but also sustains His creation and that without this sustenance each and every being would immediately fall back into nothingness.

Although the exact opposite of Hegel, Kierkegaard largely depended on and was determined by Hegelian problematics. As Hegel finally arrived at a complete identification of God and world, Kierkegaard proposed a complete separation of God and world, of the absolute Divine Mind and the contingent and created human mind. He saw only the difference, not the analogy between finite and infinite being, between the contingent and the necessary, between creation and Creator.

Hegel seemed to Kierkegaard the most ingenious and therefore the most dangerous enemy of Christianity. Was there an undue amount of gloom in this view? As a matter of fact, we know that Hegel had started out as a theologian but

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that in the end he denounced all theology. He transformed Christian dogmatics into a Gnostic theory of cognition: redemption was interpreted as the redeeming force of love; the Trinity was identified with the dialectic of the Absolute Mind; the God-Made-Man became man who experiences his identity with the Absolute; the Holy Ghost turned out to be the spirit of communal life and intercourse. With Hegel, then, and after Hegel, you could comfortably call yourself a Christian and actually be a pagan. Christianity was dethroned to make room for the omnipotent State, the Godhead incarnate of the immediate future.

Kierkegaard, on the other hand, turned out to be a theologian who denounced all philosophy, a Christian who deeply experienced the agony on Mount Calvary but without its sequel, the joy and gladness of Easter. He made a forceful and fierceful stand against Hegel's fatalistic theory of the necessary evolution of the objective world spirit. He could not conceive of Christianity as one phase among others in an evolutionary process. To him Christianity signified a unique occurrence of absolute and incomparable value and validity. This granted, what could be more important or more sublime than to become a Christian, a follower of Christ? The individual's concern is therefore with faith and redemption rather than with the world spirit and its objectivations. Kierkegaard's denunciation of history and of historicism is included in his denunciation of the finite as against the Infinite. But is there not a relationship of analogy between man, the principal actor on the finite historical stage, and the Infinite Author and Lord of history who created man "in His image"? This question is answered in the affirmative by any scholastic philosopher, and this answer contains the most serious criticism that can be advanced against Kierkegaard and the "dialectical theologians." Kierkegaard is predetermined by Luther's contempt of reason and by Hegel's deification of reason. The Thomistic "analogy of being" (*analogia entis*) was *terra incognita* for him. And so the antinomies of Descartes and all those who after him struggled with his fatal bequest of mind-body and God-world dualism, remained unsolved.

There can be no doubt that Hegel's goal as it stands revealed in the conclusion of his "Philosophy of History" was the secularization of religion and the deification of nature and worldly prudence. God must become man so that the philosopher may become God, or, to use Hegelian phraseology, a representation of objective truth, of absolute being, of self-conscious idea. All opposites are harmonized, reconciled, united, identified: God, world, man, is one Idea: Logic is Nature, and Nature is Spirit.

The far-reaching effects of this Hegelian philosophy of identity are becoming more manifest in our own day. They are manifested in the same degree as the profession and confession of Christianity becomes increasingly less comfortable, rather extremely consequential and burdensome. This serves to clarify the situation. The contemporary philosopher who chooses his stand frankly on the side of atheism and paganism is no longer apologetic about it and therefore perhaps a bit more sincere than Hegel. This attitude makes it all the more mandatory for the Christian philosopher to choose his stand with a clear and firm determination on the opposite side. By such a clarification of the tenets and fundamental concepts on both sides, controversy as well as conversation is made easier and more fruitful. An increasing emphasis upon the personal integrity and sincerity of philosophical convictions generates a growing mutual respect and friendly interest. Kierkegaard is the ideal prototype of such an "existential philosophy." It was his historically conditioned fate to be a Christian philosopher who called in question the very concept of a Christian philosophy. It was his mission and his merit to realize anew the necessary distinction between finite and infinite being as against any philosophy of immanence and identity. An aspect of tragedy and frustration was introduced into his life by his inability to recognize that both finite and infinite being partake of the common term of Being, although totally differing as far as their attributes are concerned ("Tanta similitudo, tanta dissimilitudo"). Kierkegaard's integral supranaturalism deprived him of a comprehension of the fulness of life, reality, and human nature: it cut short his vision of a world redeemed and transfigured by Divine Love Incarnate.

## *Double Harvest*

The petals fall;
The summer goes.
Wood fires burn tall;
A cool wind blows.
Bare is the wall
And sped the rose.

The harvest bin
Is rich with scent;
The frosts begin,
And days now spent
Are garnered in
With deep content.

This good year's wane
Brings fine increase
Of full-curved grain
And woe's release.
I count my gain
And taste my peace.

FRANCES HALL.

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# MISSOURIAN ARCADY

By MARION GRUBB

DURING the first half of the sixteenth century the cross was planted by De Soto among the Indians who inhabited the land now known as Missouri. A century passed before the coming of Marquette, and the first permanent settlement of which we have definite record was that made at Sainte Geneviève about 1734. The Catholic church at this town has records older than any others in the state. They show that in this same year, 1734, there was already a mission at Old Mines. The settlers were almost entirely French, many coming from Canada, others from lower down the river; the latter, however, had themselves come from Canada originally.

Many people know all this, but it seems a long way off; and although it is natural enough to think of Louisianians as French, and of some Carolinians as French, most of us are surprised to learn of French Catholic settlements in Kentucky, and downright sceptical of the existence in Missouri of even one parish where the customs and mother tongue are French, after two hundred years. Yet it exists.

It was at Sainte Geneviève that John James Audubon and his partner, Ferdinand Rozier, planned to settle and establish a trading post. Rozier did remain, but Audubon went back down the river. From his diary we know something of what the region was like at the time he visited it; but it is parish priests, Father Van Torenhout of Sainte Geneviève and Father Walsh of Old Mines, who have done most to preserve vestiges of French times. From them investigators obtain their information. The facts are contained in the church records and the village archives. These bare bones the priests are able to clothe in garments highly picturesque and interesting.

Briefly, the facts are these: the Canadians who came down to the Illinois-Missouri country were peasants who had apparently heard rumors of mines and mineral springs farther south; some of them believed that the mines contained gold and silver. Colonization seems to have begun as early as 1723, and old Sainte Geneviève was founded, it seems, as a shipping point for lead, to which base metal the high hopes of the colonists had by this time simmered down. In 1777, colonization must have been still going on; for the Lieutenant Governor wrote in December of that year to the Governor General: "I will employ all the means in my power . . . to attract French Canadian families, being Catholics of the Apostolic Roman Church." A decree of 1778 announced that settlers were to be provided by the royal treasury with "an axe, a spade, two hens, a cock, a pig of two months, with which they may easily found a household and even make their fortune." This somewhat naive confidence in French thrift seems to have been justified; for the settlers were prosperous and happy.

The old district of Sainte Geneviève remained under the American territorial government until 1812. A number of its towns and villages retained their native French for a time, but a flood-tide of overenergetic Americans drove them farther west, where their descendants live even now the life of French *habitants* and speak a sort of *vieux Français patoisé*, as one of the priests has called it. Only a score or more families in the old capital have remained definitely French.

Keeping alive this little flame that is France has occupied for many years much of the time and interest of Father Van Torenhout, a Belgian Creole born in St. Louis. Although he is an old man now, he continues to make long journeys to hear French confessions. He does everything in his power to keep French speech and tradition alive, encouraging the celebration of traditional feasts such as the Guignolée and retaining certain features of the church service which characterized it in the early days when everything, government included, was French. It is a strange sight in the Missouri of today to see a French priest clad in biretta and soutane talking with a nun or with a group of blue-kerchiefed peasant women in front of the grey arch of the convent gate. That gate and the wall remain from early days. Besides these, there are thirty or more houses which have been preserved, one of them the house of the popular Commandant, François Vallé.

With the aid of the parish priests and with that of the French Creoles themselves, Mr. Ward Allison Dorrance, of the University of Missouri, has made a careful investigation into the historical and social background of the people of Sainte Geneviève, a representative group of French peasants. He has studied their language, their religion, their folklore and their songs. The results of this study he has incorporated in a rather fat pamphlet published as Volume X of University of Missouri Studies.

Mr. Dorrance describes the life of these settlers in a very engaging way. They lived in villages, where they might have dancing, wine, and gatherings and the telling of tales together. "Paring potatoes between the geranium pots of their kitchen windows, women could nod to the passing curé as if they were yet in France. The village had no streets nor shops; its houses were farmhouses, set in large grounds, with orchards and gardens and fields. The architecture was that of the Santo Domingo dwelling popular in Louisiana and imported to Missouri. Stairs, if any, were added on the outside; furniture was simple: tables, beds, chairs, cabinets, the prie-dieu below the crucifix."

Costumes were simple. Travelers mention the capot, or hood, the blue kerchief, and the queue. There were but few gentry; those few dressed and lived very much as they would have done in France at the same period.

The principal vehicle was the two-wheeled cart, or *charette*, still used in French country districts for heavy hauling. The same vehicle served as carriage or farm-cart. Both horses and oxen were used, and many of the names of these useful animals appear in the records; one ox is called Scandale, a horse, Libertin. Since most of the traveling was done on the Mississippi, however, cautious peasants began to change their characteristics and became reckless, hardy adventurers, going down stream with furs and small freight to New Orleans, and walking back. Coming back up the river with a heavy cargo took, Audubon says in his journal, four months.

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The people seem to have had an easy-going life enough, for there were many slaves, who worked in the lead mines as well as in the fields. These were governed by the old *Code Noir* of France which provided benefit of clergy and prevented separation of parents and children when slaves were sold. In April, the villagers and their slaves rode out in their bouncing carts to the sowing, and then left the crop for the sun and rain to deal with. They themselves were busy with more important things, such as mining, salt-making, boating.

There seem to have been a fair number of artizans, among them a *maître forgeron*, or blacksmith, and a *maître potier*, who made domestic pottery or *jarres du pays*. Many household arts must have been practised; for the records mention spinning-wheels, churns, candle-molds, button-molds, etc. The medium of exchange was usually that of barter: "paid in salt," "paid in pelts," "paid in lead."

There is mention of the founding of a school in Sainte Geneviève in 1791, and of the proposed building of a hospital in 1795. In the same year a printing-press is spoken of as being shipped from New Orleans packed in Spanish moss; it was to be used "pour l'utilité du public de Sainte Geneviève."

Mr. Dorrance concludes from these records, notes and letters which he has seen, that snug within their eighteenth-century village, the forest on three sides, the river to the east, with sufficient food and work, with gay entertainment, with certain "cultural" advantages presumably beyond the reach of most outposts in this region, the inhabitants might live a fairly tolerable life of comfort and independence. One of them in a letter of 1799 describes the very type of existence which humanitarians in France were trying to make possible for men of his class.

The government seems to have been, during the French days at least, of an easy-going sort: "Each person lives as he pleases and does whatever he premeditates" one visitor noted in his diary. The Commandant, the sole civil authority of Sainte Geneviève, sat under the Governor General of New Orleans. As long as everybody was French, everybody was happy. François Vallé was *Bon Papa* to the whole community; when anybody went to jail, he sent "a suitable provision of whiskey, to render the reflections of the first hours as little bitter as possible." Americans and English were the enemy. The gentle French, simple, gay, good-humored and lazy, distrusted their neighbors of sterner stuff so profoundly that they used to call them *Américoquins*, a sort of Frenchified equivalent of Damn-Yankee, as used by other neighbors to the south under similar conditions which came later.

Mr. Dorrance devotes a large part of his book to the analysis of the dialect found in this district. It is really a composite of several dialects of northwestern France reduced first to Canadian French, transplanted afterward to Missouri, where during long years of isolation, it has taken on characteristics quite unique. It is best studied at Old Mines, where Father Van Torenhout has revealed the existence of an entire Creole settlement, practically undisturbed by "foreign" influence. The inhabitants of this little cross-roads hamlet are still colonial French peasants, speaking the old speech, singing the old songs, telling the old tales.

Mr. Dorrance went about with the priests and alone, visiting the villagers, gaining their confidence, counting upon the national love of social relaxation in the evening. He says their national traits were not diminished but emphasized by their life of exile.

If they felt the awfulness of their exile, it only incited them to cultivate more consciously their love of gaiety and sociability. On the *galerie* of the village house, by far camp-fires, and during intervals of work in the mines, they kept alive the tales and songs which their fathers had brought from France or gleaned from their black slaves. . . . There were other forces on which to count: the frosty length of winter nights and the remarkable tenacity of peasant memory.

Oddly enough, in the telling of tales, the peasant *conteur* cannot always tell the meaning of words he is using; they have dropped out of his vocabulary, since the objects they symbolize never enter his life. He will thank you for a definition of *château, cygne, épée,* etc., words which are a necessary part of his story, but he repeats them as a child repeats Fee-fi-fo-fum, as ritual.

Many are altered versions of tales from Boccaccio and La Fontaine; others are fairy tales, with a few details changed to fit the local scene; others still are animal tales coming from the Negro slaves and dealing with *Compère Lapin*, our childhood's friend, Br'er Rabbit.

The folk songs, Mr. Dorrance tells us, will be the first to die; for it is they which diverge most widely from the original. For forgotten words others are supplied that will fit the tune. This involves a student of folk songs in a great many difficulties. Thus the songs of the Guignolée (something like the songs of the English mummers on Christmas Eve) have been much corrupted.

Until comparatively recent years, says Mr. Dorrance, the custom was retained of keeping a bell-ringer at his post all the evening of All Saints, so that villagers might drop in a coin to have the bells rung *pour nos morts*.

Father Van Torenhout follows the French rather than the American custom of wearing his soutane and biretta on the streets of the town.

"As for the rest, the Creole drives for a few provisions to Porosi, which he still calls the Mine à Breton. On Sundays he goes to Mass at St. Joachim's, walking with a group of friends, or driving a wagon crowded with his formidably numerous family—the lot of them chattering their thorny and twisted patois. It is a scene from the Province of Québec. In the evening word will have gone round that a ball is to be given at a certain house, though the owner of the house may remain in ignorance of the event until he hears fiddles and guitars down the moonlit road. Or it may be a party for cards or a singing, or a tale-telling." Sometimes an old woman sings songs of shepherds and their loves, in a voice like the tinkle of an ancient music box, filling the white-washed rooms with the music of the court in seventeenth-century France.

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# HERB HUNTING

By FLORENCE REEVES

IT WAS middleward of the morning, and Aunt Phronnie, who had been soon up, paused to rest a moment on the step-rock of the porch of her home which was in the Cumberland Mountains, at the head of Far Hollow, the most remote cove of southeastern Kentucky.

She saw that her washing—spread on the palings of the fence not long after dayrise—was already dry. Not far from the garden pickets on a level spot in the door yard there hung from its tripod the great kettle for boiling the clothes, and beneath the iron pot a few embers were wafting a slim fragrance of smoke into the soft air. Aunt Phronnie's nostril relished the tang of cedar and she looked about her with contentment.

"Down yonder at the edge of the clearing farewell summer's in blow and the sassafras is showing fall favorence. I aim to cover my dahlia blooms now o' nights for fear the frost might steal my pretties."

Her gaze rested on the dogwood at the fence corner and she thought how its leaf colors and scarlet berries pleasured her. Then she saw that far to the north the sky—so balmy and blue overhead—was turning a clear pale gold and she knew that the weather was fixing to change.

"Mayhap this is the lastest day 'fore snow flies and my herb-store is scantsome. I'd best take my herb-basket and tread the ridge-trail toward the hid mountains. Soon a while there'll be all the winterly days to be reddin' up this place, doing the chores from sun-up to daydown, from paddock to house-seat. If I rest here now I'll be plumb uneasy a-lacking herb-brew for curing up the neighbor folk come winter—me the oldest herb-woman on the creek and right-natured for brewing as my Gran afore me."

Soon Aunt Phronnie was footing it briskly along the path and naming to herself the herb-roots already hanging from the roof beam of the scuttle hole and recollecting the plants which she lacked. Then she began to recall some of the experiences "what behapped me since my Granny first set me to gathering herb-sprouts before her eyes turned dim and shadowly as a smoke-cloud."

"It's a heart-pleasing thing to see the fever banish from a sick child and watch the light come back to a father's eyes. I was thankful to have a-plenty of thoroughwort and angelica that day Long John came a-seeking me from yon side Sourwood Mountain. Nary one of his kin-folk had a mite of those herbs laid by that year, but one of them told him Aunt Phronnie's herb tea would fix his lad Cam quick'ern an eye-wink. 'Twas years since I'd seen him; once he was a sightly man, and a main worker; I recollect from the time he came to help with the fodderin' when Boone was a little fellow. He made the lad horses out of corn stalks and fetched him a humming-bird's nest. 'Twas years ago. When I saw him last winter he had gone to nought and there was a dread on him, it was plain to see. His onliest lad was laid sick-a-bed, and him a puny boy, with no mother to tend him, for Long John is a widow-man. Seeing the heart-sorrows cradling in his eyes I recollected out-aloud what a main worker he was in his greening days and how Boone set store by that humming-bird's nest month on end. And so the shadow-flock o' care fled a little from his face as he went on through the Gap and on to his house-seat. The herb-brew took holt of that lad and smote him for two days and nights and then his right nature rose up and he turned hearty. And now he's a tall lad, as his father was, with that fearless fair look to him that my Boone is always wearing."

With these thoughts of past cures Aunt Phronnie trod the walkable way to the crossing of Lone Wolf Branch. There she paused to gaze at a sweet gum whose fall coloring delighted her year after year. When her favorite grandson was a little chunk of a lad he had brought her a cluster of prickerly balls from this tree and she liked to think of Boone's blue-eyed smile as he gave her the woodsie offering. Below the next bend of the Fork she saw a patch of blackberry vines "all piededly purple and red-rosy" and a grove of sugar maples "more yellow than the embers o' daydown."

Walking the foot-log she paused to look down into the stream, feasting her eyes and smelling the cool smell of silt mingled with trodden grass. "Allers it quietens me to hear the Branch a-calling. I reckon there's no more lovesome thing than music-making water."

She had need of her staff as she took the up-creek trail, remembering a patch of pennyroyal she had marked in the spring in an upland cove when grubbing of a green bank basketing herb-roots.

" 'Twill be all a-seeded now and dry, that pennyroyal, and fit for storing in the little gourd I've hung under the eaves for those teensy seeds, little as mustard, that have a power o' might when brewed."

The timbery height of oak and hemlock was far above her head as she followed the steep path and the stream was a mountain torrent that leaped from ledge to boulder. And now a scurry of wind swept the narrow gorge and blew in her face the cold spray of the swift current. And then an apronful of snow feathers was shaken out from some window beyond the folded hills. She halted for breath, turning herself about; then stood for a long moment gazing at the whirling flakes. "Such a silentful sound as they make, nary a mite frecket, and all unliken the sound o' rain-drappin'."

Presently the sun shone and melted the snow so that the up-trail was wet and slick for the old feet. When she came to a fallen black walnut athwart the path Aunt Phronnie rested a moment.

"I must be getting up in years; wet feet didn't used to be so chillsome cold."

Settling her basket more snugly to her arm and laying hold more firmly of her staff she went forward, mounting high uply on, knowing in this up-tilted land the sheltered little coves where yellow root and pennyroyal and a power of other herbs were hers for the gathering. She heartened herself with the words of her Gran: "For every complaint there is the Almighty grew an herb-plant to cure it, I reckon. Ef'n I can find that plant-root I'd be content."

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# Seven Days' Survey

*The Church.*—The Diocese of Los Angeles-San Diego has been divided into the Archdiocese of Los Angeles and the new Diocese of San Diego, and the Most Reverend John J. Cantwell has been named Archbishop of Los Angeles. At the same time a new ecclesiastical province, comprising the Archdiocese of Los Angeles, and the dioceses of Monterey-Fresno, Tucson and San Diego, has been constituted. The other provinces in the United States are Baltimore, Boston, Chicago, Cincinnati, Dubuque, Milwaukee, New Orleans, New York, Philadelphia, Portland in Oregon, St. Louis, St. Paul, San Antonio, San Francisco and Santa Fe. * * * In the elementary schools of the Republic of Czechoslovakia Catholic pupils comprise 80 percent of the total. * * * Monsignor Joseph F. Smith, Vicar General of the Diocese of Cleveland, was chairman of an arbitration board which awarded increased wages and vacations with pay to members of the Street Car Men's Union employed by the Cleveland Railway Company. The decision declared in part, "The employer should deal with his employee not merely as an individual but as the head or member of a family. . . . The living wage of the employee comes before the dividends to the stockholder." * * * Some 125 unemployed workmen, most of them young men, have just made a week-end retreat at St. Francis Retreat House, Mayslake, Illinois, under Reverend Patrick Maloney, O.F.M., worker among the underprivileged youth of Chicago. Auxiliary Bishop Bernard J. Sheil paid all the expenses. * * * At the recent meeting of the Catholic Central Verein at San Antonio, Texas, Father Eckhoff attacked the unwholesome literature that makes up the bulk of drugstore and news-stand libraries and recommended the establishment of Catholic lending libraries throughout the country as the chief remedy. * * * The Most Reverend Bede, O.M.C., second American to be Minister General of the Franciscan Order and 112th successor to Saint Francis, will address the Third Order of St. Francis Congress convening at Louisville, Kentucky, October 6-8. * * * The Archdiocese of Ciudad Trujillo, Haiti, reports a serious shortage of priests and students for the priesthood.

*The Nation.*—The American Legion convention in Cleveland, with 225,000 in attendance, displayed the enormous vitality of that veterans' organization. A message from President Roosevelt and a speech by Newton D. Baker deplored the "strange philosophies" which are tearing at the world. Ex-Secretary of War Baker, speaking of changes in the Constitution, proclaimed: "The important principle for us to realize is that the amendment ought to come as a result of discussion and democratic decision and not come by supine acquiescence in its violation or by the application of the principles of force, for, wherever force supersedes intelligence, injustice and wrong finally result." The question of "general pensions" appeared to be the most important practical one before the convention. * * * Governor Landon's Des Moines farm speech promised to continue the cash benefits of the New Deal, and further advocated cash benefits on domestically consumed portions of exportable crops to give owners of "family-type" farms the same protection that the tariff gives industry. John Hamilton made the claim that real recovery came to the country when Governor Landon became known and appreciated through the country three months ago. * * * Labor's Non-Partizan League, since its foundation altogether pro-Roosevelt, and the Progressive National Committee, the Midwest organization famous for La Follettes, which recently came out for the reelection of the President, joined forces for the campaign. This is believed of importance not only for this campaign, but also for the future, when the two groups may form the nucleus of a new major party. * * * A statement by the President that "the public interest demands that the power that is being generated, or soon will be generated, by the Tennessee Valley Authority and at the Bonneville dam and other public works projects, should be made to serve the greatest number of our people at the lowest cost and, as far as possible, without injury to existing actual investment," pointed to a more permanent working out of a national grid system such as England has, and to more serene relations between the public and private utility interests. Utility stocks advanced on the market.

*The Wide World.*—The Spanish Civil War hinged during the week upon the defense of Toledo's Alcazar by 1,700 insurgents. Having failed to bombard the fortress into submission, the government announced that two mines had been laid under the main structure. Promises of safety to 500 immured women and children were spurned, there being no assurance that the conditions would be observed. The mines were set off on September 18, but the besiegers were unable to capture the Alcazar. A crude substitute for gas was then employed, when quantities of gasoline were thrown upon the ruins and ignited. Nevertheless the defenders could not be dislodged. Meanwhile insurgent troops commanded by General Franco began a rapid advance on Madrid, capturing the strategic town of Maqueda on September 21. This brought the Rebel commander within less than twenty-five miles of Toledo. Government troops were retreating so hastily that war on the outskirts of Madrid seemed imminent. The government was feverishly organizing regiments of defenders, but morale as well as training seemed definitely below par. Insurgent troops also gained on the northwestern front, capturing several Basque villages. Internal dissensions sapped the energy of government forces. Anarchist leaders were refusing to share in the leadership of the state; Syndicalists insisted upon immediate drastic changes as a reward for

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their support. * * * On September 21, the League of Nations Assembly opened its sessions dramatically with a fight by smaller powers to seat Ethiopia despite Mussolini. Russia supported the move. Great Britain and France did not conceal their desire to placate Mussolini by dodging this issue. The President of the Assembly, Dr. Carlos Saavedra Lamas of Argentina is the sponsor of the doctrine that territorial changes effected by force must not be recognized in international law. Emperor Haile Selassie arrived in Geneva by airplane. * * * Japan landed marines at Hankow after Tokyo had demanded retribution for the slaying of a consular official by Chinese. The action was described as a precautionary measure calculated to prevent further "anti-Japanese outrages." * * * In France, the Blum government took cognizance both of Germany and of extremists at home. Premier Blum asserted that Russia could not be excluded from debates concerning the future of Europe; other members of the Cabinet inveighed against lack of discipline on the part of groups claiming representation in the Popular Front. Serious strikes in the Vosges textile industry appeared nearer a settlement when workers abandoned efforts to take possession of the factories. * * * In Bavaria sharp protests by the hierarchy followed steps taken by the government to change forty-four confessional schools into "neutral" institutions. Cardinal Faulhaber, in a challenging sermon, declared that parents were being compelled to keep their children out of Catholic schools.

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***Holy Name Rally.***—The Holy Name national rally gathered in New York City 60,000 lay delegates from the Eastern States for the various religious celebrations and speeches. A solemn pontifical Mass opened the rally, and an impressive ceremony held outdoors in the new Randalls Island stadium closed it. Bishop Duffy of Syracuse told the Holy Name members in a sermon: "It is important from time to time that Christian men give some public evidence of the power and the meaning of religion. . . . Men generally are all too ready to believe that life centers about what they shall eat and wherewith they shall be clothed. It is well to prove to them that not by bread alone do they live. The true life of the world is sustained by its religious ideas and its moral principles." The Apostolic Delegate, Archbishop Cicognani, said: "The name which binds you together sets forth of itself an exalted program of action, and urges the highest attainment of individual and social sanctification. . . . This Mystic Body of Christ is visible to anyone who wishes to hear His word. Christ appears to us in our brethren, and especially is He seen amongst the poor and the lowly who are marked by the stigmata of suffering and of spiritual and material need. To them above all others our Catholic Action should dedicate itself, our living on with Christ." Speakers and resolutions called for an extension of the radio apostolate and of the work of the Evidence Guild; they deplored Communism and educations which fosters it; they advocated a "real Christ-like attitude of justice and charity toward members of the colored race," and a "crusade of prayer for the canonization of Blessed Martin de Porres, O.P." In a prayer before the Holy Eucharist, Archbishop McNicholas, referring to those gathered together, said: "Their thoughts naturally turn to crucified Spain where the Holy Name Society was propagated by the encouragement of the civil authorities centuries ago. They feel that if the men of Spain were instructed as our Holy Name men are instructed, if they practised their religion as our Holy Name men practise it, if they were militant Catholics as our Holy Name men are, the horrors of civil strife would not now be shocking the civilized world, and the most degrading passions of men would not be destroying what is best and noblest in Spain."

***Farm Plans.***—The President issued a series of letters putting himself in position for the campaign on the agrarian front. He appointed Morris L. Cooke, Rural Electrification Administrator and chairman of the Great Plains Drought Committee, as head of a new committee of government experts to advance a Great Plains Permanent Land-Use Program. At the same time Secretary Wallace was made chairman of the Crop Insurance Committee, which "is directed to prepare a report and recommendations for a plan of 'all risk' crop insurance. . . . Final recommendation for legislation should be formulated with the advice and assistance of national farm organization leaders so that the plans can be submitted to Congress with the approval and support of the representatives of the farmers. . . . By making this insurance available to farmers cooperating in farm and soil conservation programs the plan would be safeguarded from the price dangers which the Federal Farm Board operations invited in the years from 1929 to 1932." A like protection would be gained by "providing for the payment of premiums and insurance in commodities." The following day letters sent to Senator Bankhead and Representative Jones about tenancy were published, declaring that the government, as in Denmark and Ireland, "should give tenants who have demonstrated their ability to manage land an opportunity to buy farms on long terms at moderate interest rates." And so the President, who meets an election in November, wishes the congressmen "would arrange to meet with me early in December when we can complete our recommendations to Congress for legislation designed to bring about improvements in the tenancy situation." Candidate Landon learned of these long-time farm plans of his opponent on the very eve of his own farm policy speech, and his companions accused candidate Roosevelt of ruthlessly stealing the farm show. Crop insurance was a big feature of Governor Landon's prepared speech, which he showed by publishing part of it before delivery. Congress, however, had heard of the plan as long ago as 1923, in public hearings. As previously announced, the Department of Agriculture has been gathering actuarial statistics for months.

***Religion in Russia.***—That recent official utterances about liberty of conscience are only masks behind which an uncompromising war against all religion is being carried on is the contention of the well-known writer Nicho-

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las von Arseniew in the current issue of *Hochland,* the Munich review. In several interesting paragraphs he sketches the enthusiasm with which spiritual values are being undermined: "We are aware that in Russia brutal reality goes far beyond even the boundaries of Soviet legislation. Particularly noticeable is this one aspect of the Bolshevist antipathy to religion: the urge, tireless and enthusiastic, to desecrate and besmirch whatever is holy. This they yearn to drag through the dirt, to insult and to tread underfoot. . . . Just a few examples. Churches are not merely demolished 'because they hamper' traffic; they are not only turned into granaries, cinema houses, clubs, reading rooms, dance halls, prisons and office buildings; but they are transformed, with especial delight, . . . into aborts. That has been the fate of the side chapel in the Church of St. Tychon in Moscow. In Jaroslaw the beautiful old Church of St. Blasius has been put to this use. Throughout Russia there are numberless similar instances, especially in villages where there were monastic foundations. National treasures of art, shrines, the souls of children and the sacraments are desecrated with a diabolical pleasure. At Siisk, the north Russian monastery which has played an important part in Russian history, the interior of the wonderful cathedral was in ruins while on the altar there lay—human excrement. . . . Chalices were being put to the most ignominious uses. The prisoners at Solovetsky were compelled to make ladies' underwear out of vestments. Ikons were either burned, used for targets or turned into sandals. For a time fish was wrapped at the markets in pages torn from Bibles and religious books. To understand the greatest sacrilege of all—the desecration of the child soul—one should read the method for teaching godlessness to deaf-mute children, published by A. Pokrowsky, Bolshevist teacher, in No. 8-9 of the Bolshevist journal, *Antireligiosnik.*"

***Education Preferred.***—New York University in a quiet way, as for some reason they are not particularly proud of it, has become the largest university in the United States, and, probably, in the world. The Freshman class which has just matriculated numbers 5,000; and the total number of students in the various departments and colleges is between five and six times that figure. The culling along the way is not severe, and the roll of graduates is proportionately high. The problem raised is one not special to New York: it is, what is going to become of all these ambitious students. The faculty has considered these things, and various opinions privately expressed are interesting. One is that the laudable desire of parents to give their children opportunities which they, the parents, in their generation had not enjoyed, leads to pushing children with no inclination or aptitude for a higher education into straining their intellects and more or less permanently getting themselves out of kilter with a hard world. The preponderance of these are said to be found in the presumed respectable professions of doctoring and the law. A radical suggestion has been made for taking away the fetish of the degree under which modern mass production methods may or may not mean anything—simply not to give degrees, except under very limited circumstances. Courses would be offered and students would be free to come and go according to their appetite and faculty for learning, and they would be judged in the world not according to a slip of imitation sheepskin, but according to performance. The increasing fetish of the white-collar job, which the government is in a fair way of furthering, is also visualized as a will-o'-the-wisp for many young people that may in time have serious social consequences under the American system of tax-paid education that is headed for turning out a nation of college graduates ultimately. One traveled professor said that in his opinion Bermuda offered a pleasant suggestion; there the sons of petty tradesmen and even of laborers manage to get to Canada or England to enjoy a classic education. They then return, carry on in labor or trade and have their education as an adornment.

***The Case of Lawrence Simpson.***—Since June 28, 1935, Lawrence Simpson of Seattle, a seaman employed on the United States liner Manhattan, has been under arrest in Germany charged with smuggling Communist literature into the Reich. He was confined in a concentration camp for eight months and since then in a Berlin prison awaiting trial. There have been sporadic agitations for his release, and hard-bitten columnist Westbrook Pegler of the Scripps-Howard newspaper chain has warmly espoused his cause. One of the most telling of Pegler's recent efforts contrasts the fate of Simpson with what would have happened to Vincent Astor if seized for the same offense. Some months ago Gifford Cochran, Yale graduate of the class of 1929 and member of a family well known for its racing stables, went to interview Simpson and to seek consular aid toward obtaining the American's release. The case attained national prominence when Cochran and two other representatives of the National Committee for the Defense of Political Prisoners called upon Secretary of State Cordell Hull. It was a stormy interview with reporters present at Mr. Hull's request. The Secretary claimed that government officials "day and night were wearing themselves almost threadbare looking after the interests of their nationals" and that the visitors were seeking publicity, while the delegation maintained that fifteen months' imprisonment spoke ill for the efforts of the State Department. Secretary Hull's record of the case included thirty-four communications between the two governments, and personal representations to the German Ambassador, July 28. It stated that Simpson had demanded a Communist lawyer or one from the International Labor Defense as counsel. The German People's Court appointed a lawyer to defend him and he refused the request of American consular officials to appoint another counsel.

***Non-Catholic Religious Activities.***—Great enthusiasm marked the opening of the National Preaching Mission, September 13, at Albany, New York; 2,000 people assembled in two churches to hear Dr. E. Stanley Jones of India, Reverend George A. Buttrick of New York

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and Dr. T. Z. Koo of China. At Buffalo meetings were held in different parts of the city during the day and 2,000 people from Western New York and nearby Canada gathered to listen to Dr. Jones and Dr. John S. Whale of Cambridge, England. Meetings in Syracuse, September 15, were attended by 5,000 persons from the city and vicinity, and Mrs. Harper Sibley of Rochester told a gathering of 900 women, "If, somehow, we can inculcate in our children that the Christian home is independent, that the Christian community is independent, we would be an irresistible force toward creating a Kingdom of God on earth." * * * The Executive Committee of the National Conference of Jews and Christians has designated the forthcoming year of its work as the "Dr. Cadman Memorial Year" in honor of the late Dr. S. Parkes Cadman of Brooklyn, New York, Congregational minister and one of the founders of the National Conference. * * * The Woman's Missionary Society of the North Georgia Conference of the Southern Methodist Church unanimously repudiated the "protection" of 150 white men who lynched A. L. McCamy, Negro suspect in an attack case at Dalton, Georgia, September 13. The 700 women agreed that "these violations of the Constitution and of the Courts will inevitably lead to the destruction of our Christian civilization." The six ministers in Dalton called for a rigid investigation. * * * October 3 and 4 are Loyalty Days sponsored by the National Committee for Religion and Welfare Recovery to encourage Americans to express their loyalty to their faiths by attendance at church or synagog.

*Macmillan Head Passes.*—George P. Brett, one of the ablest of American publishers, died at Fairfield, Connecticut, on September 19. He came to the United States in 1874, his father having been dispatched from England to take charge of the New York "branch office" of Macmillan and Company, Ltd. In 1896 the American company was formed, with Mr. Brett as its president. He was a canny business man, concerned with problems of economics and taxation, but his intellectual interests were wide and a flair for the cosmopolitan distinguished him. American writers he particularly favored were Jack London, F. Marion Crawford, Winston Churchill and Edward Arlington Robinson. Naturally many others, including Ernest Poole, Theodore Roosevelt, Gertrude Atherton and Jacob Riis, considered him both publisher and personal friend. More recently Mr. Brett turned to horticulture first as a diversion and then as a cultural interest. In magazine articles he contended that gardening afforded as much relaxation as golf and that it was in addition an intelligent enterprise. His Fairfield estate boasted the most interesting pinetum in New England, and in the South he kept up a varied collection of palms. Mr. Brett was blunt and forthright, but also eminently fair and dependable. He rendered a great service to Catholic literary and educational activity by placing the distributing machinery the Macmillan Company at the disposal of Catholic writers. In several of their enterprises he took a personal interest, notably when the subject was historical. Mr. Brett was born in London during 1858; and possibly the land of his origin gave him part of the incentive needed to internationalize his publishing business as no previous American bookman had done. Macmillan is established throughout this country and in China, Japan and the Philippines.

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*Labor Spies.*—The Senate Sub-committee on Civil Liberties is advancing its inquiries into the doings of industrial detective agencies which are widely believed to hinder workmen in their legal pursuit of legal objectives. A District of Columbia grand jury indicted six officers of the Railway Audit and Inspection Company for contempt of the Senate, arising from their refusal to appear before the La Follette Sub-committee. This firm was also in trouble for destroying records which the Senate wanted to see. Some of these records were discovered torn to bits in company waste-baskets in seven cities, and an office force has been diligently pasting them together. The sub-committee also rounded up a representative group of "nobles," "finks" and "boots"—that is, guards, strikebreakers and spies—to tell the story of industrial protection, strike breaking, labor spying and assorted anti-union activities from the bottom up. Not only the heads of the detective agencies and of the companies furnishing supplies for industrial war, such as the Manville Company, manufacturers of tear gas, and Federal Laboratories, the Lake Erie Chemical Company and the Auto-Ordinance Company, will be called to testify, but also representatives of the numerous corporations who employ these parasitic industries.

*Mare Nostrum?*—Sir Samuel Hoare, England's First Lord of the Admiralty and credited with being one of the principal architects of an as yet in plan only Anglo-Italian reconciliation, answered from London anti-British editorials which have again been appearing in the Italian press and endangering the strained peace of Europe. Sir Samuel had just returned from a trip to Near Eastern waters, and referred in his statement particularly to Italian charges that England's navy was "encircling" Italy because of concentrations at Malta, and that this naval base should be reduced. "Far from there being any question of our abdicating our position in the Mediterranean," said Sir Samuel, "or scuttling from Malta, we intend to face the new and difficult problems which are arising and make our position quite secure for the future. A statement of that kind is not a threat launched against anybody. It seems to be self-evident common sense that we should make our communications secure when it is remembered that the Mediterranean is one of the vital highways of the empire. I say that because I have seen in the Italian press articles saying we should clarify our new Mediterranean policy. Statements of that kind are made under a complete misapprehension. We have no new Mediterranean policy. Our policy there today is exactly what it has always been—namely, to live in the friendliest relations possible with the other Mediterranean powers and make it secure for our communications."

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# The Play and Screen

## *Reflected Glory*

"REFLECTED GLORY" is a vehicle for a star, and as such is moderately well constructed and written. At times it is more than this, as might be expected of a play written by the author of "The Show-off" and "The Torch-bearers." George Kelly was once one of the most promising playwrights in the American theatre, showing a keen flair for the idiosyncracies of American middle-class character, and a command of pungent dialog. Both of these qualities are occasionally present in his latest plays, particularly in the figures of the actress, of her manager, and of her maid. At these moments the play takes on a real bite and savor, and rises above the level of the average actress-made vehicle into something which is momentarily a comedy of manners. That these moments do exist means that Mr. Kelly has not lost his touch, but that his story and its basic theme failed him. "Reflected Glory" has been told a thousand times, and there were times when it seemed a theme that could not fail. But those times probably have gone with the coming of the movie and their stripping from the actress of all personal reticence in a wild scramble for publicity. Alas, the glamor of the star, even on the legitimate stage, has largely departed. Moreover, we have seen in plays so many actresses such as Mr. Kelly's Miss Flood that they, too, are an old story.

Miss Flood is the actress. She doesn't know what she wants—the stage or a home and babies—but her manager, Mr. Hanlon, knows that it really is the stage. She gives up her childhood sweetheart because she falls in love with a young man from Chicago, Mr. Wall. She does not know that Mr. Wall is married and a frequenter of stage-doors, but Mr. Hanlon exposes him, and after finding that her childhood sweetheart has married someone else, she decides to stay on the stage—and possibly marry Mr. Hanlon, who understands her. This is the story baldly put, a pretty trite and frivolous story, embellished, however, with some skill and mastery of dialog. And yet this is not the whole of the picture as we see it on the stage of the Morosco Theatre—there is Miss Tallulah Bankhead. The New York theatre has rarely witnessed a more brilliant, a more varied, a more bitingly humorous performance than Miss Bankhead gives in the character of Miss Flood, ably assisted by Clay Clement as Mr. Hanlon and Elizabeth Dunne as the maid.

It is time the American public woke up and realized what an actress it has in Miss Bankhead. Leaving aside her technical proficiency, Miss Bankhead has personality, almost a protean personality, for unlike most personality actresses she possesses extraordinary variety of mood, pace, even of basic fiber. She can be tough and yet she can be a lady, and her ability to change from one attitude to the other is breath-taking. The ability to do this is made possible by her mastery of technique, but is also possible only in an actress remarkably endowed by nature. Miss Bankhead, however, is not merely an instinctive actress who has learned the mechanics of her job; she has also a keen intelligence. What she does she does with spontaneous feeling, but she knows what she is doing and why. Her sense of timing is perfect, her humor infectious, her gaiety catching, her pathos appealing. But these qualities have occurred with actresses in whom pure instinct is all. Miss Bankhead has all this plus a brain. Some day she is going to find a play worthy of that brain, and when that time comes she will take her place with Miss Cornell, Miss Hayes, Miss Claire, Miss Fontanne and Miss Cowl as one of the six leading actresses of the American theatre. (At the Morosco Theatre.)

GRENVILLE VERNON.

## *Dodsworth*

SINCLAIR LEWIS'S unsentimental chronicle of a sentimental ruins-and-tomb viewing American husband from the little town of Zenith in the States gives as excellent an account of itself in film form as it did when it first captured a vast audience as a best-selling novel, and then as a play that ran for almost two years on the Broadway stage. If anything, the motion picture gains over the stage production in photographic display of color, richness and variety from the novel's European setting.

Walter Huston returns to the screen after a long absence bringing with him the same notable character portrait of Sam Dodsworth, American manufacturer who visits Europe for the first time, which he created on the stage. It is a virile rôle in a modern tale of domestic drama and pleasant comedy, handsomely mounted under the experienced auspices of Samuel Goldwyn, producer. Sydney Howard accomplishes a crisply pointed job of screen writing, both on his drawings from the book and on many a new contribution of his own.

Major experimental operations pertain to cast selection. Mr. Huston's choice for the name rôle was natural, of course. But emplyoment of Mme. Marie Ouspenskaya from the play was venturesome, in view of her lack of screen experience. This insufficiency, however, has caused the screen part to suffer nothing. Nor was Hollywood in complete agreement on Ruth Chatterton in the feminine lead, principally because of recent unfortunate castings elsewhere. Again the results are contrary to expectations and Miss Chatterton works freely and forcefully.

Director William Wyler, who last produced "These Three" for Mr. Goldwyn, has intensified Mr. Lewis's story in every shade and force of the original, with its strangely compounded yearnings, misunderstanding wifely concern and unexpected romance. Mr. Wyler gives a deft hand to the conduct of the mature, married American couple, together for twenty years, and who sail in search of happiness and contentment as their visioned reward for lifetime sacrifice. In Europe, the wife determines to enjoy life, regardless of the consequences and despite her narrowing years. The tolerant husband caters to the wife's whims, and they are many, until her third escapade leads to the filing of a bill of divorcement. The husband finds idyllic companionship in a fellow woman wanderer, but tragedy stalks the wife when her son forbids her remarriage.

JAMES P. CUNNINGHAM.

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# Communications

## SHARE-CROPPERS—THE REAL ISSUE

Winchester, Tenn.

TO the Editor: In reading a few back numbers of THE COMMONWEAL I came across Floyd Keeler's article on "The Share-cropper" in the July 17 issue. Mr. Keeler admits that many share-croppers never acquire the smallest bit of economic independence. He also grants that praiseworthy steps have been taken to give them better opportunities for richer and a better life.

In giving what he calls the other side of the picture Mr. Keeler tells of conditions that prevailed when he was a youth in Virginia. As I read over his article, it seemed to me that he merely made the point that the lot of some share-croppers was no worse than that of the poor anywhere. He also stated that the share-cropper in many instances was even more fortunate that the more unfortunate industrial workers who were not furnished with "free housing, fuel, and staple foods, come what might."

I believe that we should not look upon this problem as it applied in Virginia some years ago, we should view it as an economic problem of today that applies to the Southern States and especially to Mississippi, Arkansas, Texas and Oklahoma. We should think of the average condition as regards housing, food, education and social opportunities as they exist for 5,500,000 whites and 3,500,000 colored share-croppers or tenant farmers in the cotton belt.

Concerning this problem, the Honorable Henry T. Wallace, Secretary of Agriculture, in the New York *Times* magazine of March 31, 1935, said: "We have been talking about the evils of farm tenancy in this country for a great many years. It is high time that America faced her tenant situation openly, and pursued a vigorous policy of improvement. . . . It seems to me that it will be virtually imposible for America to develop a rural civilization which affords security, opportunity and a fully abundant life for our rural people unless she acts to convert tenants into owners."

It was away back in 1891 that His Holiness Pope Leo XIII said something similar: "Men always work harder and more readily when they work on that which is their own; nay, they learn to love the very soil which yields in response to the labor of their hands, not only food to eat, but an abundance of good things for themselves and those that are dear to them. . . . If working men can be encouraged to look forward to obtaining a share in the land, the result will be that the gulf between vast wealth and deep poverty will be bridged over." No one can argue against the wisdom of this point of view.

Moreover, no one can successfully prove that at least 50 percent of the land in the South is not controlled or owned by absentee landlords, Land Banks and insurance companies. Such a system of absentee landlordism cannot bring about any conditions short of peonage on both sides. It may not be such peonage that would violate existing federal peonage laws. However, the situation as it exists, especially in Arkansas, is little short of practical peonage.

In a summary of field studies and practical surveys made from 1933 to 1935 and published by the University of North Carolina press, we read a good summation of the problem, "The present economic plight of nearly 9,000,000 people (about 1,700,000 families) in the cotton belt is proof that even in this land of opportunity a system has grown up which makes it almost impossible for individuals—for great groups of individuals—to make any headway or prevent themselves from sinking lower and lower. The American ideal is, that each citizen shall have an opportunity to work out his own career and to progress mentally, morally and financially, as far as his talents and industry will carry him."

It is difficult to see how under the present system of tenancy or share-cropping these millions can have any incentive to display ordinary industry. It is discouraging to farm for exercise. "Hope springs eternal in the human breast," but that proverb presupposed that there is somewhere a possibility to fulfil the hope.

Does any absentee landowner, Land Bank or insurance company that holds large tracts of land and lets them out for a money crop to tenants and share-croppers believe that there is any hope of economic or social salvation for such laborers in the present order?

REV. DONALD L. BARRY, C.S.P.

## THE CLERGY AND POLITICS

West Hartford, Conn.

TO the Editor: If I were given to preaching, which, being a layman, I am not, I might take as a text for this epistle the well-known "Render unto Caesar the things that are Caesar's," except that I should paraphrase the rest of it "and labor unto God, ye ministers of God." I consider politics to be the business of laymen.

It has often seemed to me that the only proper place for the discussion of political questions, from the Catholic viewpoint, is in such Catholic laymen's publications as THE COMMONWEAL. I heartily commend many such articles that I have read in your paper as well as your dignified and well-tempered comments on subjects of this nature. Controversial issues would naturally be excluded from publications whose subscribers are politically divided as yours are. But there are questions of social justice which, though politically associated, are nevertheless matters of vital concern upon which the Catholic opinion should be publicly expressed, and that is the place I think the Catholic lay press and not the clergy should occupy.

Here I am venturing into a somewhat controversial field and upon a subject which THE COMMONWEAL seemingly prefers not to take a stand, viz., that of the clergy in politics. However, there can be no objection, I trust, to the expression of views by your readers.

Without questioning the right of free speech of any American there is always the question of propriety where the clergy is concerned in political matters. It is difficult for the average mind to differentiate between the priest and the man. It as once arouses the old suspicion of the Church seeking political power. If it were not enough

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that it distresses so many of us of the Faith who would wish an end to it, we find even those among the hierarchy criticizing it severely. Members of the Faith have been taught to believe that the shepherd should look after his own flock. If there are injustices in the social order that call for remedial action the appeal of a united Catholic laity, made articulate through the Catholic press and possibly a speakers' radio league, would receive a more sympathetic hearing and support, I believe, than would be accorded to the men of the cloth. The latter may be more brilliant, more learned, but—they are the "Church."

These are days of great portent. With millions out of employment and general unrest everywhere, there needs but a spark to explode the pent-up passions of discontented men. The gifted radio orator who would no doubt scoff at any suggestion of Communism, in his misguided zeal for the cause he espouses is breeding class hatred and inciting, with his fiery words, this seething mass of malcontents who, once out of hand, may rush to Communism in spite of him.

As you said in your editorial of July 10, there is indeed more to be considered in the present American crisis than the respective qualifications of two or more presidential candidates: there is a moral issue. American Catholics may agree upon the objective to be sought yet differ honestly as to the best way of attaining it. I think there exists a general prejudice against the active participation in politics of clergymen, no matter of what denominaton. One somehow cannot escape the feeling that it is beneath their dignity. They were ordained for worthier and higher things. They may well leave such plebeian matters for the rest of us, and they will still find they have a man-sized job left to do, and a much more important one, the saving of human souls.

F. J. Moran.

## IN DEFENSE OF INTEREST

Brooklyn, N. Y.

To the Editor: Mr. Ducey's article which appeared in the August 28 issue of The Commonweal is based on a misconception of the Catholic teaching on interest. He claims to have read several Catholic articles on interest during the past few years, all of which tried to show the immorality of interest taking. I am not acquainted with the articles he refers to, except the one appearing in The Commonweal of June 12, entitled "Mr. Keynes and the Canonists," by Henry Somerville. But I do know that if the articles are similar to Mr. Somerville's then Mr. Ducey is guilty of an incorrect interpretation of their writings. Mr. Somerville's article would by no means deny the moral validity of interest-taking based on extrinsic titles, but he would reject interest-taking on intrinsic titles. As Mr. Somerville states, "I am not discussing the ethics of interest and I need not quarrel with those who allow the widest legitimacy to the taking of interest provided it is allowed only for 'extrinsic titles' as was done in the Middle Ages." Therefore I should imagine that Mr. Ducey's quotation from Vermeersch to illustrate the morality of interest-taking is beside the point because it is admitted by all.

Mr. Ducey is sceptical of Somerville's interpretation of Keynes which claims that Keynes upholds the view that interest-taking is economically harmful. A casual acquaintance with Professor Keynes's new book, "The General Theory of Employment, Interest and Money," would show that this is exactly what Keynes does hold. He claims that the rate of interest should be lowered to zero in order to raise the marginal efficiency of capital and thus to stimulate investment.

When Mr. Ducey accuses Mr. Somerville of confusion of thought because he "assumes that interest on money is part of the cost of doing business and does not come from the profits of business" he definitely shows himself to be unaware of Somerville's real meaning. Somerville, with Keynes, is decrying the fact that the interest rate tends to reduce the marginal efficiency of capital and thus affects harmfully the possibility of a profitable investment. Mr. Ducey, on the other hand, merely states that interest comes from profits but makes no attempt to show whether money has any legitimate intrinsic title to a share in the profits.

As a conclusion to his article Mr. Ducey disdainfully throws aside Mr. Somerville's and Professor Keynes's argument that if there were no interest there would be less hoarding. Here, too, Mr. Ducey shows that he misunderstood both Somerville and Keynes. Elimination of the rate of interest would stimulate investment through increasing the marginal efficiency of capital, which would result in greater income due to the increased employment. We know from the concept of the marginal propensity to consume that people will save more and more of this increased income. Thus, an elimination of the rate of interest really stimulates real savings. Or, to put the argument from the side of the consumer, as Somerville did: elimination of the interest rate would stimulate consumption spending, which in turn increases employment and real income. And we know, again from the concept of the marginal propensity to consume, that people will save more and more of this increased income. So the elimination of the interest rate does not do away with real savings but with "hoarded" or "frozen" savings. Mr. Ducey's difficulty came at this point because of his failure to make the distinction, as Mr. Somerville did, between "hoarded" or "frozen" savings and "real savings" (i.e., savings which remain in the economic system).

John J. Sexton.

## A. E. HOUSMAN

Webster Groves, Mo.

To the Editor: I am engaged upon a biography of A. E. Housman (1859-1936). If any Commonweal readers have letters to, or from, the poet, or know of the whereabouts of biographical material of any nature, will they please communicate with me?

Cyril Clemens.

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# Books

## A Symbol of the Ages

*The Heritage of the Cathedral: A Study of the Influence of History and Thought upon Cathedral Architecture, by Sartell Prentice. New York: William Morrow and Company.* $3.50.

SECULAR histories take little account of art, and art histories as little of secular matters. Therefore both are incomplete and in a measure defective. Mr. Prentice's book links the two together, as its subtitle indicates; hence it has admirable unity, while both art and history acquire a new clarity and signifiance. Moreover, the author's style is colorful, he writes entertainingly, he is learned without being pedantic, and he has chosen admirable illustrations to make clear his story. Altogether he has produced a work of very great value and one that is well adapted not only for general reading but also for use as a textbook in non-technical schools, where there is need for just this sort of cultural education, if only the authorities could realize this.

It is far more than just a history of cathedral building; it is a study of art as a whole and its function as the expression of the best in civilization at any time and in any place. As Mr. Prentice says: "If all medieval manuscripts had perished we should still be able to trace the main outlines of European history in the architecture of her churches." And again, "We shall see the Church revealing to us, through her sculptures and her glass, the mind of the Middle Ages." There can be only one "Mont-Saint-Michel and Chartres" but in its own way this particular book might almost be put in the same sequence.

Incidentally it is much more than a study of the Catholic art of medieval Europe. It goes back to the earliest Constantinian work and shows how the secular became the religious basilica. In this connection certain things are said about the ending of Roman civilization that might be held in mind today; for example: "This form [the basilican], however, . . . was imposed upon the Church as one of the consequences of the un-Christian, anti-social, and uneconomic policies which undermined and eventually overthrew the Roman state—the ruinous usury exacted by Roman bankers, the selfishness of the great landowners, the employment of slave labor which bankrupted the independent farmers and the free artizans, and the spendthrift sybaritism which, dissipating the wealth of the capital, drained gold and silver to the East to pay for luxuries." Nearly all the other citations of history are equally exact and pertinent.

While the book is in no respect technical it does deal in a very illuminating way with the evolution of the specific forms and devices of a Christian church, e. g., the development of the transept, the transformation of the primitive atrium into the narthex, the origin of the cloister, the use and placing of towers, the masonry vault, its evolution, its buttressing system, the reasons for its adoption, and the part it played in perfecting the architectural ethos of Gothic. Some of Mr. Prentice's sug-

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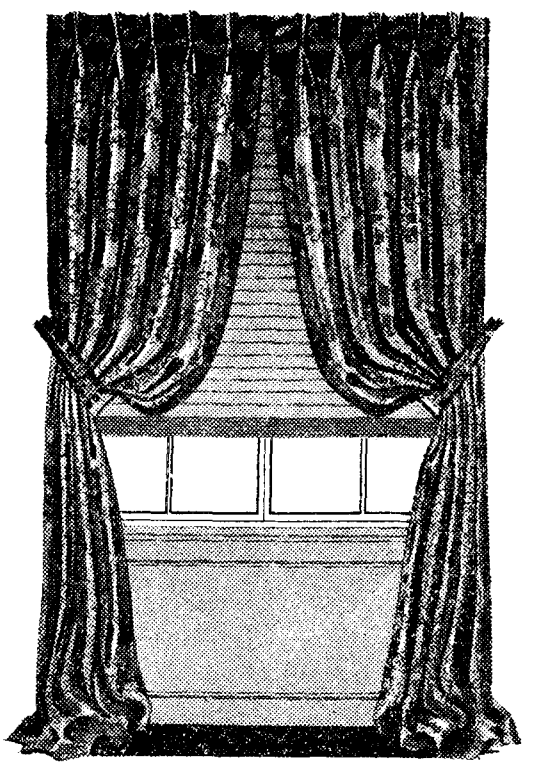

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# Next Week

**CHAOS IN SPAIN, by E. R. Pineda, is an explanation of the Spanish Rebels' point of view, tracing the provocations which formed it. The paper sets down in chronological order the political acts recorded in the responsible press which reached the climax of Calvo Sotelo's murder, and made revolutionaries out of the opponents of the majority in the Parliament. The extraordinary violence and passion of the Civil War did not arise in a vacuum. . . . TROTSKY LIQUIDATED, by C. O. Cleveland, expounds the personal side of the struggle between Stalin and Leon Trotsky. Without attempting to enter deeply into the ideological differences between the two, nor to show what practical consequences these differences would have in the conduct of the Soviet Union and the Communist International, it very clearly traces the unfortunate effect they have had on the most brilliant and intellectual Marxist. . . . IN RETROSPECT, by John J. Wynne, is a charming, ruminative backglance over a long life as a religious. Those quick years, Father Wynne finds, passed, indeed, like the flight of an arrow, are made significant by "the Hand of God leading, guiding, correcting, chastising, encouraging." For one with a religious insight, the world, with all its "war and rumor of war, unrest, revolution, fall of empires, abolition of rulers, catastrophe of every sort, deluge and drought, storms on seas or land," still partakes of a blessedness which leaves not regret, but consciousness of "the Light which beamed on the pathway of childhood," and "is now reflecting, nay flashing back on the years between now and then." . . . THE TROUBADOUR, by C. J. Eustace, refers to G. K. Chesterton. It is a personal memoir by one who grew through childhood in Beaconsfield where Chesterton lived and left a large personal impress. The impression given by his homely contacts was similar to that produced through his books and poems, a strong indication that he practised — or was — what he preached, and that that was very good.**

gested explanations seem new but generally they are plausible.

It is doubtful if his guess as to why in some cases the axis of great churches is deflected from that of the nave can be validated. Probably it was not to gain something in point of perspective but to improve acoustics. Medieval builders were very practical men and they had found that mechanical regularity gave bad results, not only esthetically but practically. By this change in direction objectionable echo was largely done away with. The same thing holds for many of the alleged "refinements"—uneven spacing of bays, walls not quite vertical, curvatures in horizontal lines, etc. Much was gained also by getting away from a hard, mathematical exactness, something we have not learned for ourselves—or do not want to learn because of the added labor and cost. Similarly his development of the apse from the round end of a Neolithic hut seems far-fetched. Why go back so far? A civilized man may have thought of it as well as a savage.

The Black Death, the Hundred Years War, and the "Babylonian Captivity" all had a most profound effect on European culture and therefore on art of all kinds. So did the discovery of silver in the Ramelsberg mines, the change in trade routes, the almost hysterical cult for saintly relics; and the author shows very clearly just what this was in each case. Romanesque and Norman were monastic inventions, chiefly Benedictine, and this great work ran side by side with the restoration of Europe after the Dark Ages through those centuries of agricultural recovery for which these same monks were responsible. Gothic, on the other hand, was the product of the episcopate and lay folk, though the austere Cistercians had their part in this also. They may not have intended it, but their puritanical revolt against luxury and beauty meant in the end the creation of a style even more beautiful and sumptuous than the Benedictine Romanesque they had eschewed.

Excellent is the discrimination between the first and perfect Gothic and the rayonnant and flamboyant phases that followed after the great catastrophes that overtook medieval Europe at the very culmination of its high and unique career. Joy in life, confidence, faith, Christian morality, all had suffered a shock that racked society to its depths and made the victory of the Renaissance inevitable.

Architecture shows it. It was no longer an entity as complete as Scholastic philosophy itself; nothing was left but a riotous indulgence in luxurious and fantastic decoration, as unbridled and ingenious—and beautiful in its way—as the latest baroque that marked the end of the Renaissance.

The chapters on symbolism, sculpture, stained glass are penetrating, sympathetic and exact. So also is all that Mr. Prentice has to say about the new art that followed the end of Gothic. His estimate of medieval symbolism is excellent. He quite avoids the excesses of so many essayists, from Durandus to Huysmans. Symbolism was indeed a vital part of the medieval mind, for this was trained in sacramental philosophy. But the greater part of those

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things usually attributed to the men of the true Middle Ages are *ex post facto*. They loved to find a symbol in everything, but this really became a sort of game. Very likely the quest for a hidden meaning in early architectural form and detail was more or less what the mystery story and cross-word puzzle are for us today.

Mr. Prentice has gathered a great store of rare and edifying facts, stories and legends that are woven into his architectural study which covers a much wider field than is implied by its title. All this makes the lives and the works of the cathedral builders very human and convincing while the architecture itself takes on a new living quality. After all they were men even as we are—only they knew better what they wanted and how to get it. That they succeeded to admiration is clearly shown in this excellent book.

RALPH ADAMS CRAM.

## A Victorian Radical

*George Eliot, by Blanche Colton Williams. New York: The Macmillian Company.* $4.00.

READERS coming to this new biography of George Eliot expecting to find the great book that Dr. Williams might so well have written will be disappointed. As the Foreword points out, materials that would have made this study really definitive were not accessible. Without them, despite diligent research, the author's original intention of writing a complete biography had to be abandoned. Although some new information not found in Cross or in the other standard biographies is included here, the work is primarily a reinterpretation of old facts in the light of Dr. Williams's enthusiasm for George Eliot.

The emphasis in the book has been placed on the development of Mary Ann Evans into George Eliot, a development which the biographer sees as a steady, continuous growth. With painstaking use of detail, Dr. Williams traces the patterns in Mary Ann's early life among the country scenes and people she was afterward to glorify. The studious, intellectual girl is shown maturing into the scholar who laboriously translated Strauss's "Leben Jesu." Travel on the continent and work on the *Westminster Review* threatened to set the mold forever; Marian Evans seemed to have found her mediocre niche in life. But George Henry Lewes appeared, and out of the union between them sprang George Eliot.

The picture of Lewes's influence on George Eliot is one of the finest parts of the present biography. With exquisite sympathy, Dr. Williams portrays the relationship between the two Georges, with the lesser George gently directing the genius of the greater. Their unanimity of spirit, their happiness, their mutual dependence, their patient tolerance in the face of outraged convention, are presented with tact and delicacy. Much is made of their liking for travel and for home-coming, of their ill-health and their triumph over it. The biographer gives all the details of living which help to explain the breadth and power of George Eliot's works. But the riddle of George Eliot remains unsolved. In spite of Dr. Wil-

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liams's interesting analysis, the reader still wonders how Lewes effected the miracle that produced George Eliot.

Fascinating as the thesis of the book is, then, it is not entirely convincing. The reader follows Dr. Williams's exposition with keen interest but remains somewhat detached, largely because of the numerous details which tend to obscure the narrative. He is bewildered too by the lack of perspective in the book. Marian's headaches and the writing of "Daniel Deronda" seem of equal weight, so much significance is attached to all details. This is particularly evident toward the end of the book where the pace becomes hurried but the leisurely habits of exposition persist. The fault is probably an outgrowth of the enthusiasm which makes much of the reading a delight but which leads to the biographer's reluctance to sacrifice any fact, significant or not. The effectiveness of the narrative as a whole, naturally, suffers by this lack of subordination. The book that will paint George Eliot as part of the larger whole that was the nineteenth century is still to be written.

One regrets that Dr. Williams did not write it. She has the enthusiasm, the judgment, the information, that might have produced the outstanding interpretation of George Eliot. But these gifts are neutralized at times by a weariness that not even the vividness of presentation can altogether mask. Such moments, though, may be the result of the enforced change in the author's plans. Certainly, she forces the reader to visualize George Eliot as a warmly human personality. Few biographers have so thoroughly understood their subjects. In the face of this, the faults of presentation, the liberties which Dr. Williams occasionally takes with sentence structure, the more serious defects of perspective and synthesis are matters of great regret. With so much in her favor, she did not reach perfection.

Mary Stack.

## This Cosmos

*The Philosophy of Physics, by Max Planck; translated by W. H. Johnston. New York: W. W. Norton and Company.* $2.00.

THIS small volume is a collection of four essays on the respective subjects: "Physics and the World Philosophy," "Causality in Nature," "Scientific Ideas: Their Origins and Effects" and "Science and Faith." It has been very carefully translated. The author, Dr. Max Planck, is professor of theoretical physics at the University of Berlin, winner of the Nobel prize, dean of living physicists and originators of the Quantum Theory, which more than any other modern theory has shaken the very foundations of physical science and, some think, the fundamental principles of philosophy.

Implicit in, and a consequence of, Planck's quantum is the Heisenberg Principle of Indeterminacy or Uncertainty. Many attempts by scientific philosophers to understand and extend this principle have resulted in verbiage and confusion. Out of it they have built a philosophy of indeterminism, just as out of the classical physics of Maxwell they erected a philosophy of deter

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ninism. And just as the determinists misused the differential equations of classical physics to deny the freedom of the will, so the indeterminists misuse the Uncertainty Principle to deny the Principle of Causality and to allow the freedom of the will.

It is toward Causality and its cognate problems that Professor Planck directs his efforts in the first two essays. With a profound knowledge of physics, characteristic thoroughness and a calm and mature judgment, he steers a virtuous middle course avoiding the serious dangers of determinism and positivism on the one hand and indeterminism and idealism on the other. Weighing carefully the physical and conceptual experiments supporting the Uncertainty Principle, he affirms its truth and compatibility with the Principle of Causality and the subjective freedom of the will.

The third essay gives an excellent elementary treatment of the origin and development of scientific ideas with particular reference to physics. Contained in this same essay is a short educational digression into methods and motives in science education which well merits the attention not only of teachers of science but others, because of its general import. An excerpt of his timely counsel: "The present age, which lives at such a rapid rate, and shows so much interest for every innovation having an immediate sensational effect, provides us with instances where scientific training tends to anticipate certain exciting results before they have properly ripened; for the public is favorably impressed if the curriculum of an intermediate school already contains modern problems of scientific investigation. Yet such a practise is exceedingly dangerous. The problems cannot possibly be dealt with thoroughly, and the consequence may easily be to induce a certain intellectual superficiality and empty pride in knowledge."

Emerging from a wave of popularizations, wonderful discoveries, sensational claims and mysterious theories, it is refreshing to behold this acknowledged master of science writing for the layman not with a purpose to amaze, fascinate or mystify but determined to enlighten him.

Of course there are some objections: Planck states, 'I need not refer to the considerable number of religious dogmas to which physical science has dealt a fatal blow." If implicitly the author means to include Catholic dogma, his reviewer begs him to name even a solitary Catholic dogma "to which physical science has dealt a fatal blow." Scholastic philosophers may also object that the Principle of Causality and the freedom of the will follow properly and simply from the metaphysical analysis of being as being. However, in view of the spirit of the times and the characteristics of the groups to which his message is addressed, I think his arguments will have definite persuasive force.

This valuable work is recommended for students of philosophy and science and especially for lay readers who have a weakness for the popular treatments of science and modern scientific philosophy because of its penetrating critical analysis of the methodology of physics.

ROBERT B. MORRISSEY.

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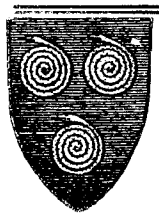
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## A Philosophy of History

*Seven Books of History against the Pagans: The Apology of Paulus Orosius; translated by Irving Woodworth Raymond. New York: Columbia University Press.* $5.00.

A YOUNG priest from Spain, grievously alarmed at the heresies flourishing there, went to Africa to enlist the support of Saint Augustine, then busily writing the "City of God." After numerous vicissitudes, he himself wrote a kind of compendium of history with philosophical implications. This was popular during the Middle Ages, and several versions (notably that by Alfred the Great) gave it considerable authoritativeness. Naturally it was later on quite generally ignored. Professor Raymond now offers a careful English version, with a judicious introduction and helpful notes. The major point made by Orosius was that a parallel existed between the plagues of Egypt and the calamities visited upon the Roman Empire as punishments for the imperial persecution of Christians. His book has a good deal of charm, and is still useful to inquiring historians. It is, moreover, one of the earliest of Christian philosophies of history.

## Simplicity

*Beyond Sing the Woods, by Trygve Gulbrannsen; translated from the Swedish by Naomi Waterford. New York: G. P. Putnam and Sons.* $2.50.

THE INFLUENCE of two gentle, accomplished women on a stout-hearted, primitive woodsman is the theme of this simple tale of 100 years ago. First it was Dorothea, his town-wife's elder sister, that made Dag Björndal wonder despite his prosperity whether God was satisfied with his code of harsh justice. She made him uneasy about his primary motives of pride of race, hatred and envy of the aristocratic von Galls, and vengefulness toward the villagers in the valley below. Years later Adelaide Barry, whose moving romance with Dag's son concludes the narrative, completes the process. Whenever Dag—and his son after him—was wrestling with problems that puzzled him, he would plunge deep into the silences of the forest and by nightfall things seemed to have arranged themselves in his mind. Love of nature is a marked feature of this beautiful story, which unfolds with a dignity, restraint, simplicity and power strongly reminiscent of "Maria Chapdelaine."

## CONTRIBUTORS

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